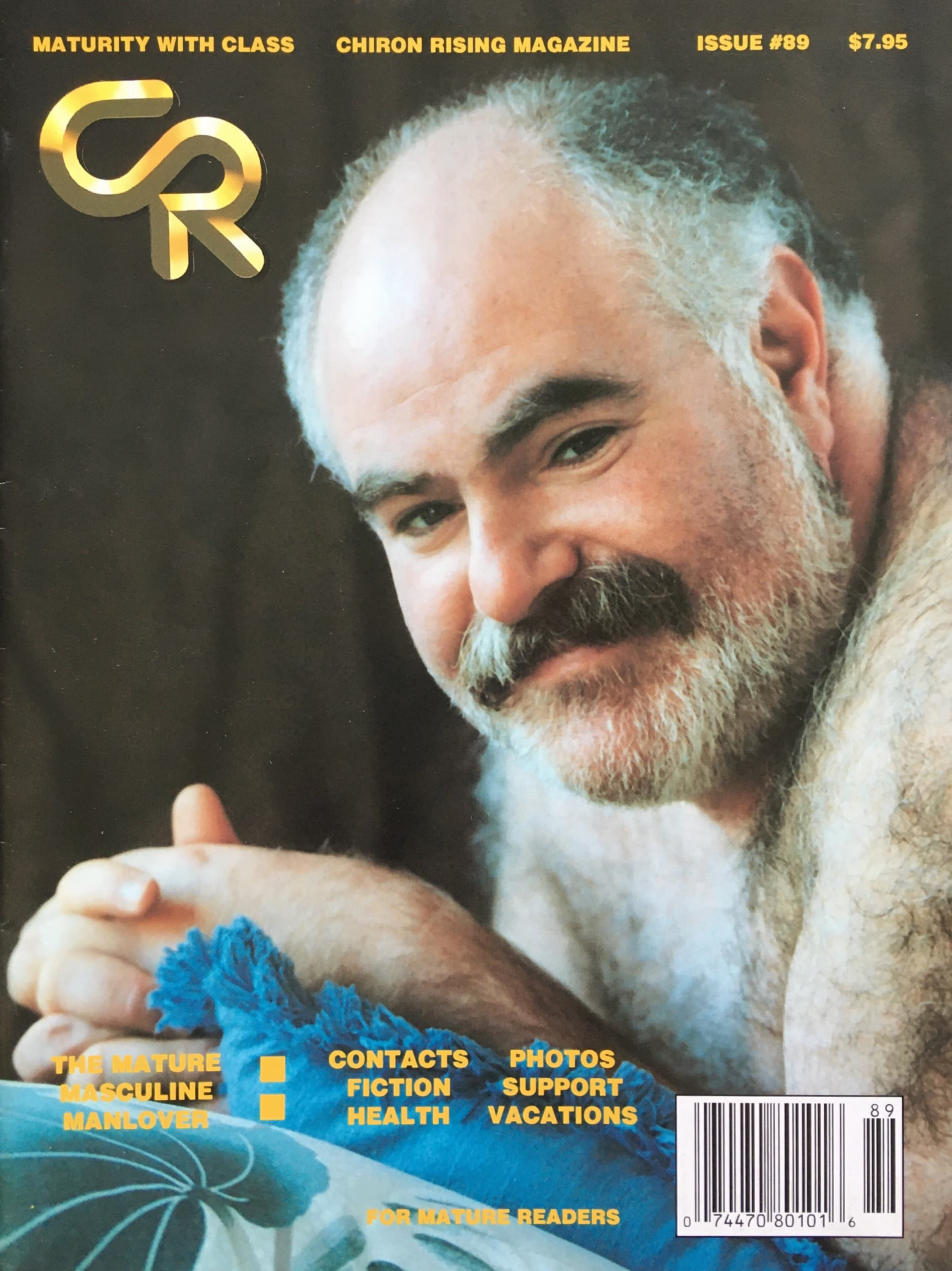
MATURITY WITH CLASS

CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE

ISSUE #89

$7.95



THE MATURE
MASCULINE
MANLOVER

CONTACTS
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SUPPORT
VACATIONS

FOR MATURE READERS

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NED
THE BOAT
BEN-HUR
THE DRESSER
ZULU
DUNE
JANGO

CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE
PUBLISHER
Bruce A. Vaughan
EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley
FRONT COVER PHOTOGRAPHY
Manny

CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. Box 2589
Victorville, CA 92393
Telephone, Fax, Voice Mail within U.S.
(toll free) (888) 227-2935
Telephone, outside U.S.
(760) 868-6371
Fax, outside U.S.
(760) 868-0328
e-mail: crpi@aol.com
website: www.chiron-rising.com

CHIRON RISING Magazine (ISSN 1059-5244) is published bimonthly by Chiron Rising Publications, Inc., at Los Angeles, California, and is available at a yearly subscription rate of $48.00. General offices are located at 4864 Luna, Phelan. The entire contents of CHIRON RISING are copyright © 1999 by Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. All rights reserved. Our lists of subscribers and advertisers are confidential and are not sold or given away. Publication of the name of any person in articles or advertising is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person. Opinions expressed in columns, letters, articles and cartoons are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the CR staff. Unless stated otherwise, all artwork and fiction featured in this publication are created from imagination, and any similarity between characters depicted herein and actual persons is purely coincidental and unintentional. All correspondence received is considered for discreet publication in our FORUM section unless otherwise requested by the writer. All correspondence should be addressed to CRPI, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

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WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

MODELS

FRONT COVER - **JARET**: 42, 5'-11", 235#, Washington, DC, single. Likes flea markets, junk collecting, travel, theater. Looking for down-to-earth older men, 50+, with outgoing personality for wild times!

PAGE 2 - **NED**: 60, 5'-9", 240#, Victoria B.C., Canada, single. Likes Blues and C/W music, rum & coke, traveling, dining out. Looking for a soul mate.

PAGE 11 - **CHICAGO DAD**: 59, 5'-11", 185#, Chicago, single. Likes theater, writing, and intelligent caring guys. Looking for 30-80 y/o GW or GHM who likes to kiss and hug.

PAGE 12 - **MAC MARTIN & OLD SALT**: 75/77, 5'-8"/5'-10", 150#/165#, Mississippi Gulf Coast Area, in an open relationship with each other. Like decent, honest men, preferably older or mature, for mutual oral sex with older—passive with others. No smoking, drinking, drugs.

PAGE 14 - **ROBERT LOWELL**: 39, 6 ft., 230#, New Port Richey, FL, single. Likes cooking, long walks, ice- and roller-skating, long drives, quiet evenings together, music, art. Looking for GM, 40 plus for LTR. Not into open relationship. Nonsmoker, non-drinker, no drugs.

PAGE 15 -**TATTOOED BUNS**: 48, 5'-7", 156#, Queens, NY, single. Likes top, aggressive Daddies, short hair, bald, nasty-mouthed. Looking for Daddy-types to palm his tattooed, shaved buns.

PAGE 21 - **THEO**: 62, 5'-11", Pennsylvania, married. Likes quiet evenings, music, theater, travel, dining, cooking, cuddling, kissing, naked men, sex. Looking for new friends who share his likes.

PAGE 24 - **DIETER**: 50, 5'-9", 225#, Germany, in an open relationship with PANDA. Likes men over 60, nature, animals, music, sex. Looking for pen friends from all over the world.

PAGE 25 - **COUNTRY BOY**: 35, 6 ft., 190#, Tampa, single. Likes music, theater, greyhounds, cuddling, kissing, occasional drink, and having fun. Looking for older men, top a plus, hairy a turn-on, for friendship, fun or possible LTR.

PAGE 27 - **RICH MULLINS**: 58, 5'-11", 260#, Maryland, married. Likes theater, pen pals, travel, gentle men, quiet evenings at home, writing, oral sex, and reading x-rated stories.

PAGE 28 - **HUNKIE S.W. FL**: 62, 5'-10", 170#, SW Florida, single. Likes biking, walking, swimming, roller skating, dancing, beach, reading, TV, movies. Looking for a monogamous LTR, 40 to 55 yrs, active, proportionate man who is caring, loving, supportive. **DEJ**: 47, 1.72 m, 75 kg, Brazil, single. Likes sports, tennis, swimming, hiking, biking, car racing, soccer, music, photography, health, beach. Looking for older gentlemen over 55 to exchange letters and more. **MAINE JIM**: 68, 5'-11", 240#, Ft. Lauderdale, single. Likes traveling, classical music, theater, movies and TOPS. Looking for younger, nonsmoking/no drugs/light drinking friends and possible LTR.

PAGE 29 - **GEE!**: 53, 5'-10", 160#, Las Vegas, single. Likes mature, horny men who can give as well as receive, who are just visiting Las Vegas or looking to stay awhile.

PAGE 30 - **CHICAGO FRANK**: 75, 5'-9", 210#, Chicago, single. Likes cuddling, hugging, kissing, fondling, quiet evenings, Jazz, piano bars. Looking for affectionate, 25/45, smooth, trim, masculine, drug- and disease-free, financially secure. Safe sex.

PAGE 31 - **YOUNG APOLLO**: 33, 5'-10", 235#, Boston, single. Likes photography, painting, biking, traveling, and caring from the heart. Looking for a masculine chubby, 50+ man who is looking for a serious relationship. Will relocate even Down Under.

PAGE 32 - **THE COLONEL**: 70's CR Icon, living on the Mississippi Gulf Coast with fellow Icon, TOMCAT. Come to the gathering in Orlando and see just how integral these men are to CR. **THE WRESTLER**: 49, 5'-11", 250#, Louisiana, single. Likes muscle cars, Harley Davidson, flea markets, mature men. Looking for new friends.

PAGE 33 - **SNOOPY HAYES**: 55, 6'-1", 235#, Alabama, single. Likes music, cooking, bike riding, romance, togetherness. Looking for someone who's not afraid to touch and be loved. **KNAPPEN JR.**: 30, 5'-5", 135#, Kuching, Malaysia, single. Likes photography, corresponding, stamps & postcards, camping, and nature. Looking for chubby, fat, balding, beer-bellied older man, age 55 and above. <knapen@tm.net.my > **HANDYMAN**: 66, 5'-10", 170#, Kentucky, single. Likes CW music, farm life, wholesome movies. Looking for honest and affectionate man of similar age.

PAGE 34 - **GENTLE BEAR**: 58, 5'-10", Tampa Bay, in an open relationship. Likes travel, performing/conducting choral music, antiques, flea markets, meeting people, chatting on AOL. Looking for the opportunity of developing new friendships.

PAGE 35 - **THE WRESTLER**: (See Page 32 above)

PAGE 36 - **HOWBEAR**: 25, 5'-11", 290#, San Jose, single. Likes cooking, reading, theater, computers, being a good boy. Looking for friends; enjoys the company of older men.

PAGE 38 - **THE SERVANT**: 58, 5'-8", 184#, Bronx, NY, single. Likes watching television, reading, visiting parks. Looking for top, well-endowed men.

PAGE 39 - **JARET**: (See Front Cover above)

PAGE 40 - **NUTHATCH**: 74, 5'-9", 190#, Central Illinois, single. Likes scenic photography and trivia games. Looking for mature, rather plump or chubby fellows.

PAGE 41 - **PANDA**: 76, 5'-6", 175#, Wales, UK, in an open relationship with DIETER. Likes classical music, photography, travel, nudism. Looking for big, hairy, stocky men for penpals anywhere.

PAGE 42 -**JED MUIR**: 75, 5'-11", 167#, Atlanta, in a closed relationship.

Likes tennis, swimming, hiking, walking, gardening, cooking. Looking for gay friends, young and older and in-between..

PAGE 50 - **BARRY**: 65, 6'-1", 230#, Cleveland, single. Likes movies, musicals, dogs, good food, TV, books. Will be at Gathering in Orlando. Looking for cute son who wants a real person to spend the rest of his life with.

PAGE 57 - **TROPHY**: 44, 5'-7", 189#, Central Florida, single. Likes the enjoyment of life with an older gentleman.

PAGE 58 -**LINCMAN**: 60, 5'-10", 265#, SW Florida Gulf Coast, single. Likes old cars, flea markets, old architecture, French active/passive and Greek passive. He is a bottom. Looking for younger, fairly solid and hairy, hopefully single. Not biased as to race.

PAGE 59 - **HERMAN THE GERMAN TWO**: 58, 5'-6", 220#, Wisconsin, single. Likes younger men, travel, cooking, cuddling, etc. Looking for a relationship.

PAGE 50 - **MINNESOTA HAM**: 62, 5'-10", 185#, Lindstrom, MN, in a sexually open relationship. Likes quiet times, cooking, movies and younger affectionate tops. Looking for friendship with a caring, kindhearted male.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

MANNY: 48, 6'-3", 235#, Maryland, single. Looking for a long-term relationship with just the right mature, masculine, husky gentleman, 50+, who is healthy and hairy. Short and stocky men turn him on as well as the big and burly kind. The best cover-quality photographer around.

TOMCAT: Late 40s, Mississippi, in an open relationship with THE COLONEL. This burly ex-marine loves to write and shoot photos of older men.

ARTISTS

RAM is a prominent portrait and landscape artist who lives in Illinois and Florida with his partner, Bob. He spends most of his time in horticulture and painting. His peerless erotic works have been exclusively featured for over 10 years in CR.

WRITERS

PATRICK O'CONNOR (see page 23).

P.H. COLLEY is 58, 6 ft., 300#, in an open relationship with BRUCE, CR's publisher. In addition to being the editor of CR, he has written and published eight novels, a book of short stories, and various short fiction published in CR and CR Classics.

WANT TO WRITE TO A MODEL,
PHOTOGRAPHER, ARTIST OR WRITER?
WRITE TO THEM THE SAME WAY YOU WOULD
WRITE AN ADVERTISER WITH A CODEWORD
(See page 47 for details)

TAKE THE PLUNGE AND CHANGE YOUR LIFE!
SUBMIT YOUR PHOTOGRAPH TO CR FOR PUBLICATION
(See page 13 for details)

memorial day weekend, 1999
orlando, florida
where will you be?

FORUM

ISSUE 88

>> I trust you and Bruce will have a great 1999. By the way, I was very VERY impressed with GERONT's wonderful letter/article about coming out on page 9. JED MUIR's fiction, "Jake" was superbly done, but it ended too soon! Boo hoo. And Holling Thomas' PARIS (AND SPAIN) IN THE FALL (AND SPRING) was delightful. LRP/Canada

>> Congrats on another great year! Hope '99 is as good, if not better. Just keep up the good work! Just had to take a break from the holidays to express my vote for model of the year (be it '98 or '99). I'm talking about PICO on page 30. He's the sexiest man to grace your pages since TUFFY from Texas, which was some time ago! (I miss Tuffy!) Anyway, I think PICO is cover material and is worth every page he would care to contribute to. It's not so much that his dark brown eyes would get his way with me (they would!); it's just that his classic handsome good looks portray extremely well. He's the ultimate fantasy lover in many young men's dreams, especially mine. So, HOW DO I get into the Pico Fan Club? For safety's sake, I'll try writing to him personally. Thanks for everything. M.A.L./Kentucky

PALM SPRINGS

>> I have arrived in heaven, and it is called Palm Springs. Best move I ever made! The sunshine, the restaurants, the awesome Rainbow Cactus (where hot older men are wall to wall), the parties, the gay-friendly atmosphere, Prime Timers (that black tie dinner/dance was to die for!), a great job market. All I need now is Mr. Right, and I feel he's just around the corner. Please change my address, and count me in on the next California gathering. Steve S./Palm Springs

There are no conventions planned for California in the foreseeable future. After New Orleans in 2000, we're looking at Seattle, Phoenix, and Chicago. PHC

>> When are you going to stop treating Palm Springs as if it were some kind of senior gay mecca? Palm Springs *this*; Palm Springs *that*. You and your whole clique must live there! Why don't you rename your magazine CR OF PALM SPRINGS? D.F./Albuquerque

Boy do you have us confused with someone else! CR is 80 miles from Palm Springs, and we have zero corporate accounts or production business there. CR has twice as many subscribers in Ft. Lauderdale as in Greater Palm Springs and San Diego combined! PHC

>> When are you going to do a story on the incredible exodus to Palm Springs? Since we moved to Palm Desert from Kansas City back in 1987, we hear the gay senior population has increased by something like 400%. We're not part of the megaparty and orgy circuits, but a lot of men are. It might prove to be interesting reading. J and J/ Palm Desert

If someone wrote the article and we found it accurate, we would publish it. Would indeed make an interesting story. PHC

>> Got all dressed up like a penguin and went to the black tie affair on New Year's Eve in Palm Springs. Y'now, Willie Brown calls San Francisco "The City That Knows How." From my experience, I would say Palm Springs is the city that *doesn't*. One learns. (Initials Withheld)

OVERWEIGHT & UNDERHUNG

>> Thank you for publishing my photo in CR87. I have received such a great response to that photo that I'm practically speechless! And for a "motor-mouth" like me, that's really going some. When I first saw that photo of myself, I never thought ANYONE would be interested in a fat old man like me, because I am, as one of your correspondents once said, "overweight and underhung." That's how I felt. The tremendous response from your readers has made me feel that i am still attractive to certain men, despite my large belly. That makes me feel ten feet tall! One man in particular whom I've met as a result of that picture is someone you know well. He is MANNY, one of your photographers. He and I have only met face to face once, but he's such a kind, gentle, and loving man. I've also begun some great pen pal relationships with other men across the country, a few of them married as I am, and I have CR to thank for it all! CR is the best! RICH MULLINS, The Anther Society/Silver Springs, MD

JAY BEHR

>> First, I have to comment on GIRAFFE's death: I feel sorry his health declined as it did, but am very happy he made it to San Diego and got a chance to sell some books. He was a nice man; I knew him slightly many years ago in San Francisco, and can only remember that the friendship did not develop because of the customary gay personality flaw that friendship equals horniness. If there is anyone to whom one should send condolence cards, I would like to know. He seemed pretty much alone. Second, I received from Perth a reprint from CR of my short story "Full Calf Bound" (did any of your readers notice it was a triple pun, that?) in their newspaper. It was the complete story but it was marked "to be continued." I CERTAINLY did not authorize the reprint, but was not upset. Some of the Ozbears are so loaded with charm that one can't necessarily expect a proper request for a reprint. They hover somewhere between Yogi Bear and Paul Bunyan.

Third, wanted to note what a fine issue of CR the last couple have been. I am inclined to think the quarterly aspect will work well for you, particularly if you offer a few more sections. Or more fiction, etc. How about an article on hot daddies from the first half of the century? Last night, I watched an old Greta Garbo movie, her last silent, and saw Conrad Nagle for the first time. That man was not at all shabby! Even though I'm ancient, I remember little before 1938 (I was four). Last, I'm in Palm Springs, doing some construction and/or maintenance on the condo and getting ready for the film festival. In a spare moment, I took in "Meet Joe Black" and decided, once the Frederic March prequel was put aside, it was a very decent Hollywood effort. Hopkins is, of course, superb—but the thing that got me was how it managed to bring forth and clean cut some lingering abscesses left from Jim's death twelve whole years ago. Now, I'm not the most reliable correspondent, caught up in writing, "kulchur," etc., but if there's someone in San Francisco or Palm Springs who needs a shoulder, I can try to offer some solace. The doctor says I'm not succumbing to HIV very rapidly (says I'll probably make it through my seventies), so I should be able to handle something if needed. JAY BEHR/San Francisco and Palm Springs

NEEDS HELP FOR ORLANDO

>> We are two Venezuelan guys who moved to New Jersey two years ago. My name is Luis (27) and my lover's name is Angel (53). We discovered your magazine about a year ago, and we love it. We couldn't attend the gathering in San Diego because my lover didn't have a job and we couldn't afford it. My lover now has a job, but we'll still be short for Orlando. Is there any way we can get some help from your readers? Top4oldhry@aol.com

We have come up with two donated registrations for Luis and Angel, but they are still looking for some help with hotel and airfare. PHC

>> I made flight arrangements several weeks ago to go to the Orlando gathering and was about to send you the check and make reservations at Twin Towers. I was so determined to go that I purchased non-refundable air tickets. Then I got hit with some big-time medical expenses that my insurance was supposed to pay for, but they did not. And so now I have non-refundable tickets to a hotel I can no longer afford. I realize it's late in getting help, but could you please find someone to sponsor me? I need the registration fee plus the hotel charge. I can put up the rest and will pay back my benefactor. I HATE asking this, but I appear to have painted myself into the proverbial corner. Maybe this is a long shot, but after the year I've gone through, I could use some fun and sun! PAINTED INTO A CORNER IN PHILLY

We have provided PAINTED with a donated registration. Please write him in care of CR if you would like to sponsor his hotel room. PAINTED's life partner was killed in front of him less than a year ago, and this gathering could do him a world of good. PHC

THE NEEDY, GENTLE SOULS WHO HURT

>> What I had hopes of not doing, I am. I'm truly sorry to be in such a predicament, but one never knows what fate lies ahead for him. When my subscription ran out this spring, my last issue came when I was in the hospital. I felt I had lost a true friend when I realized I wouldn't be getting CR again. I had pinched my pennies, going without things, so I could renew my subscription to CR. Though my stay was only five days, it brought many bills. Thus, there went my spare money. I even sold my car, as I couldn't afford to keep it up with the steep insurance costs. Because my legs didn't get better, I was back in the hospital in June and nearly had my legs amputated. Miraculously they got better. I do go and have therapy three days a week. Then on October 5th, I went to my doctor for my monthly checkup. Though I had not been feeling up to par, my doctor told me things were improving, which made me feel better. Anyway, coming back from therapy on the 8th of October, my chest began to hurt worse than it had for two previous days, and I stopped off at my doctor's office. Within minutes, I was in an ambulance, headed back to the city and the hospital. I was placed in ICU and on the 13th I had surgery. They took out over a liter of fluid from around my heart, then I was released on the 21st. After a few days, I began to have chest pain again. Three weeks to the hour, I was again rushed to the hospital in Utica, but quickly transferred to a hospital in Albany. Having had a heart attack and later discovering several blockages, I had angioplasty. I came home with 14 different medications and was placed on a strict diet. As the holidays approach, I feel fortunate to be alive. But what would make this an even nicer holiday would be a donated subscription to CR. Wish you the best for 1999. UTICA JIM

ISOLATION

>> An item in the FORUM section (#87) from JOE IN KY got my special attention, because I was also raised in rural Kentucky and can appreciate his feelings of isolation. I understand why he cannot "come out" in the environment in which he lives, but I would suggest that he place a discreet ad in CR. I believe he would be pleased to find that there are a number of really nice people who would like to correspond with him and perhaps even be in a position to meet him. Some may not be at a great distance from him but would honor his need to be discreet if a meeting was arranged. I wish JOE well. TENNESSEE (#80, page 32)

CR FRIENDS

>> I am a first-time reader of CR and very impressed. Hope to be a subscriber soon. I'm interested in the CR FRIENDS NETWORK. Losing my companion of 25 years, I know the loneliness. I know there are others out there who feel lonely for one reason or another. Age, illness, or just physical appearance can cause one to be alone. Beauty seems to be the main criteria for the younger, muscular, heavy-hung gay hunters. Drop into a bar on Santa Monica Boulevard any night

and see how many 60-year-old bald, pot-bellied guys get a hit from those gorgeous Adonis types. So what's the point of looking? You try, and hope, and end up going home and jacking off while looking at a photo of someone like JED on page 30 (#86). I did it. I liked it. It felt good. But it would have felt better if we had been giving each other a buddy hand-job or 69. My point is: we old guys shouldn't have to stay home jacking ourselves off alone. We should get together and socialize, go for entertainment, do fun things, and yes—if the urges are right, do the WILD THING. If not, be friends and end loneliness. I want to be a CR FRIEND. I want to help someone who needs a friend. I was in the APLA Buddy Program for four years. It became too tough after losing three buddies. I am 66 years old. Work part time. Very active. Very horny, but I can control myself (unless I think of JED's cock). Then I start throbbing and dripping and may have to shoot a little gism. Ye Gads! You're probably thinking this guy is too weird. Well, there's nothing phony about me. I tell it like it is. JAYCE/L.A.

A NEW LEASE ON LIFE

>> I've got to share my excitement that has happened to me through my subscription to CR! One would certainly be modest to think that at 81, I'm over the hill. Nothing of a kind! Through your contact network, I can boast of receiving two trans-Atlantic telephone calls: one from Australia and one from England. I have a new lease on life! Thanks to your opening my life to that special dimension that I enjoy with you and all our readers of CR ROBI/Georgia

SILVER SIMBA

>> Thanks a million for your long distance call of a few minutes ago. Eleven days ago, my partner of 16 years died of a heart attack. He was in bed and made no sound at all. He had suffered a major stroke four years ago and really never recovered from that. He was failing both physically and mentally. All things considered, I guess it was a blessing, because his doctor said there was no hope for improvement. I'm holding up as well as one might expect. I cry a lot, but I try to think positively. I dream of moving to California, especially now that Frank is gone. This mobile home has nothing but sad memories. I'm very grateful for the gift subscription, and I shall be happy to write a note of thanks. I've had to swallow pride and apply for food stamps. I never thought I'd live to see such a day. Thank God for CR and the wonderful generosity of your readers. Hopefully one day I'll be in a position to return the favor. I've had to stop writing several times due to crying. I'd better stop and mail this. Patty Cake says hi to Zelda, Sarah and Eva. Sincerely, GENE & PATTY CAKE/Ft. Myers

>> My name is Mee, and I lost my lover about six months ago. I'm 32 and he was 70 last April and spent his birthday in the hospital in a coma until he died in June. It was such a shock to lose him, because we often joked about his being 90 while I was 52. You see, both his parents died in their 90s. He had secondary liver cancer and superficial bowel cancer and was diagnosed early this year after a two-month holiday in Europe and Canada. It is so hard for me to be here in Melbourne, Australia without my lover. I've been here about six years, coming from Malaysia. I was very lucky to have met him and spent five wonderful years with him. He was so beautiful. I would like to join your ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA and hope to hear from you soon. MEE/Melbourne

To find out more about MEE, check out his website:
http://web.dis.unimelb.edu.au/student/1996/tecta

YET ANOTHER SMOKER TRAGEDY

The following letter was received from GERONT, the same man who wrote COMING OUT in last issue's FORUM section.

>> In the early hours of Sunday the 2nd of January, my whole reason for being seemed to disappear. My love of the past eleven years was taken from me, and my world was completely changed. It was not unexpected. In fact, Steven had put up a brave and defiant fight, having spent the last nine weeks in the hospital battling to get strong enough to face the surgery which would save his life. But it was not to be. Those weeks apart may have prepared me in some small way for whatever lies ahead, but I quickly discovered how lonely life would be without my love. We were very lucky to have found one another in as much as we each had what the other needed. It was an opportunity to share the love and affection that was so strong in us both. We needed to love and to be loved, and it was wonderful. I so miss waking up, for each and every day we were together, we would start the cuddles of comfort. Our bodies seemed to fit so perfectly together, and each kiss and hug would make it even more difficult to rise from our bed. We were made for cuddling. Steven had never been physically fit or strong since the day I met him. He had come to my town to leave the past behind and to recover from major surgery even then. He was certainly not a handsome man in the classical style; he looked fierce and foreboding. He was a very heavily built and bulky man. But when he smiled, his whole world lit up and his chuckle was so entertaining. I never really got to know about his life before I met him, and I am sure it was traumatic and sad, so I never troubled him about it. It was the future that mattered. We had a wonderful eleven years together, and although his disability prevented us from doing so much more, we did not mind. We did not bother much with going out, or to the theatre, or to dinner, and it has taken this tragedy for me to realise just why. We were so happy just to get home and enjoy each other. He was intelligent and had a most distinctive character and wonderful sense of fun. And now he is gone. Where did those eleven years go? It seems to have gone by in such a whirl. It is not so much the death which hurts at the time so much as the dying. He suffered a most humbling and painful last few weeks. To see the man you love in such distress and to hear his sad little pleas for help were so, so traumatic. The sense of emptiness is horrible. Knowing you do not have to rush home because dinner is on the table, or your favourite programme is on TV, or the journey to work in the fog was safe—there is nobody who cares anymore. Tonight I arrived home from work and looked up the bank to our cottage. The

lights were all out and I broke down and cried, it is so lonely. I have forgotten the milk; I have never ironed a shirt; and I do not even know where the bed linen is kept. I have never needed to cook, and the washing basket is full. I realise how little those nine weeks apart has prepared me after all. I have written my story over and over again in my head, and it has always been sadder than this has turned out. It is not so easy to express yourself in writing as the emotion you feel seems to drain away. The main reason I felt the need to share my sadness with others is that it could have been prevented. You see, Steven was a heavy smoker, and he died of heart disease brought on by the effects of years of nicotine addition. Why do we do it? Despite all the stern warnings about smoking, people are still willing to pay the price with their lives. And it is so often not the one who smokes who suffers the most, as I am testimony to that. Steven is dead due to his smoking, but I live with the memory of seeing him die an agonising and humiliating death, and it stays with me until the day I die. It is so often family and friends who are forever haunted by the legacy of those years of smoking. It is astonishing how hooked on nicotine the gay world is. We of all people should take notice of the health warnings given on every packet. Here in England it is so noticeable how the young are affected by smoking; without exaggeration, virtually ALL gay young men smoke. Smoking is a ridiculous pastime. It takes lives and breaks hearts. It has not one single good point. The main reason I am so adamant about all this is that it is my third time. I am only 44 years old, but already I have lost my father to smoking related disease, my first love to smoking related disease, and now the most wonderful man that ever came into my life, once again to smoking related disease. Please, please give it up. GERONT@aol.com

COMPUTERS

>> Here's my renewal to your wonderful mag. Though it's all done highly professionally, the single thing that warms my heart the most about it are the various kinds of support modalities for mature gays (Order of the Silver Simba, etc.) which you've originated and support. Hope going quarterly will save your guys from burnout. If so, it's worth it. Speaking of means of supporting senior gays and keeping them in touch, ever thought of trying to figure out a way to get computers into the hands of more of your readers? Mine has helped me make some good friends and to maintain a reasonably active social life despite the fact that I'm a single dad who works full time. In a day and age where you can get WebTV for $300-400 or a new machine for less than a thousand, it might be worth looking into. As I looked over #88, I found myself wondering (again) why almost all the guys you feature affect cutesy nicknames. Just answered my own question: If you print this, for privacy's sake, please sign it: FURFACE in Southern California

We've thought about this subject for several months. We even contacted Apple to see if they would set up a booth at the gathering in Orlando to sell their iMacs. No response. But we're not giving up. We are currently seeking someone who will write an extensive article about the easiest and most economical way to get on-line. We're also looking for a company or organization that will set up a booth in Orlando to help some of our readers understand and take advantage of something that could greatly benefit their lives. PHC

A SURPLUS OF KINDNESS

The following is a letter from a couple living in central Florida. Because of an assortment of health problems and being on fixed incomes, they inquired about the possibility of paying for the gathering in installments. PHC

>>My mind is still reeling from our telephone conversation. It's hard to admit that we are poor, and the last thing we want to do is have to ask for a handout, but you make it sound so far removed from that. I had no idea that you had so many kind men donating money so that people like us could join in on such a joyful experience. Such benevolence is just not bestowed on people like us from ANYWHERE else in the gay community, and I spit in the face of anyone who would work against you. KISSIMMEE KOUPLE

The funds are available, awaiting claim. Just drop a line. No questions asked, no embarrassment. If you feel guilty, then do a good deed for someone else whenever you can. The money will stay in the bank until claimed or hell freezes over. PHC

THE CR WEBSITE

>> Really like your website. Refreshingly different and well beyond the realm of that grasping network of "masters" who come up with the same old trite bullshit. "Hello! We're a gay website, and here is a picture of a big dick!" A question, because I've heard that some hit counters aren't very accurate: I notice you installed a hit counter some time after you first went on-line, and I think I was number 8. The next day, I was 433, so I regularly got on to see what kind of traffic you were getting. Just as you passed 10,000, I had to visit my mother, but when I got back I noticed that your counter had obviously started over and was at just under 500. I would like to get a counter for my business, but I won't bother if they are not accurate. What do you recommend? TALON/Chicago

About a week after we hit 10,000, I revised the index page, somehow causing the counter to reset. Later, our website ad appeared in The Advocate, and quite a few people logged on, pushing it past 10,000 again. Very soon, we will install a more heavyweight counter, along with visitor feedback and chat rooms.

>> The idea of a gathering of older gay men! Oh dear! If I had only known I wasn't the only one with this refined taste. To secretly glimpse at CR on the newsstands: heavens! Others will know! I, an older man, am actually interested in other older men. Refreshing and engaging thought. Thank you for your web excite. HAROLD (via email)

bits and pieces

CHANGES TAKING EFFECT IN 2000

In addition to going quarterly after the December 99 issue, we will cease distributing CR to book stores and wholesalers within the U.S. Distribution to Europe and the Pacific Rim, however, will continue.

Cost studies reveal that we are actually losing money on book store sales. By the time our national distributor takes his huge cut and the wholesalers and book stores take theirs, there is little left over to cover printing, handling and freight costs, let alone profit. Everyone makes money but us, and some make more money than they are entitled. Additional studies reveal that MOST gay and adult book stores sell discount "grab bags" filled with back issue magazines with their logos torn off. What consumers don't know (and probably couldn't care less about) is that the missing part of the front cover was sent back to the publisher for full credit. *Didn't sell it. Destroyed it. Want my money back.*

We are well aware that this change will adversely affect our regular book store buyers. Lots of customers cannot have a magazine such as CR mailed to them for various, very valid reasons. For them, we will research and suggest discreet ways to safely get CR mailed to them (via drop box, post office box (with or without aliases), and at CR Friends' "Safe Houses").

If, on the other hand, you prefer not to get your magazine mailed to you because you think we might place you on some unsavory mailing list, we're afraid we cannot help you, except to reiterate: WE DO NOT SHARE, GIVE AWAY, OR SELL OUR CUSTOMER DATA BASES. We have never done this, nor will we ever do this. WE DO NOT DIVULGE ANY INFORMATION ABOUT A CUSTOMER TO ANYONE FOR ANY REASON. A very large percentage of our customers are married or deeply closeted men, and we vow never to compromise them.

FREE AD OFFER UPGRADED

Free classified ads are now available to subscribers with a "V" status or higher on their mailing labels, as well as to any customer who has paid for at least $200 in merchandise and services over the past five years (a "V" will appear next to your name in our data base). All we ask is that you try to keep the ad less than 50 words and to advise us in writing when you don't want it to appear.

CR WEBSITE

Our site is growing steadily with the addition of fiction and more publicity for the gathering in Orlando. We're not sure yet just which direction we intend to take with the site, but we have decided to gear it to a wider audience in order to reach more married men, the sexually disoriented, and the vast number of asexual, celibate, and sexually indifferent men whose needs are more social and spiritual than sexual.

The photographs published in CR will not be reproduced on the site. Less artwork will appear in CR but more will appear on the site. We will add a chat room soon as well as a means of obtaining feedback from our visitors.

Will we ever offer CR on-line? Not in the foreseeable future. Will we ever start charging for access to our website? NEVER. Will we ever offer CR issues on CDs? We're looking into it.

We're not geeks here. We're learning by trial and error, and to the trained eye, our lack of expertise shows. But we are well aware that the internet is where the future its, and we're going to stay as knowledgeable as we can. That includes encouraging our readers who are not on-line for whatever reason to get thee on-line so that they can join in on the revolution. That will come in the form of educational articles on the easiest and cheapest way to start the ball rolling. A GREAT first step would be to attend JOHN KILPATRICK's seminar in Orlando during the gathering.

GATHERING '99 STAFF

We have located a Tour Coordinator and a Health and Safety Coordinator, finally filling the last of our staff requirements for Orlando. We have also hired a staffer who is helping us plan our 2000 bash in New Orleans. He will be doing surveys in Orlando to ensure that our delegates have an even better time in New Orleans.

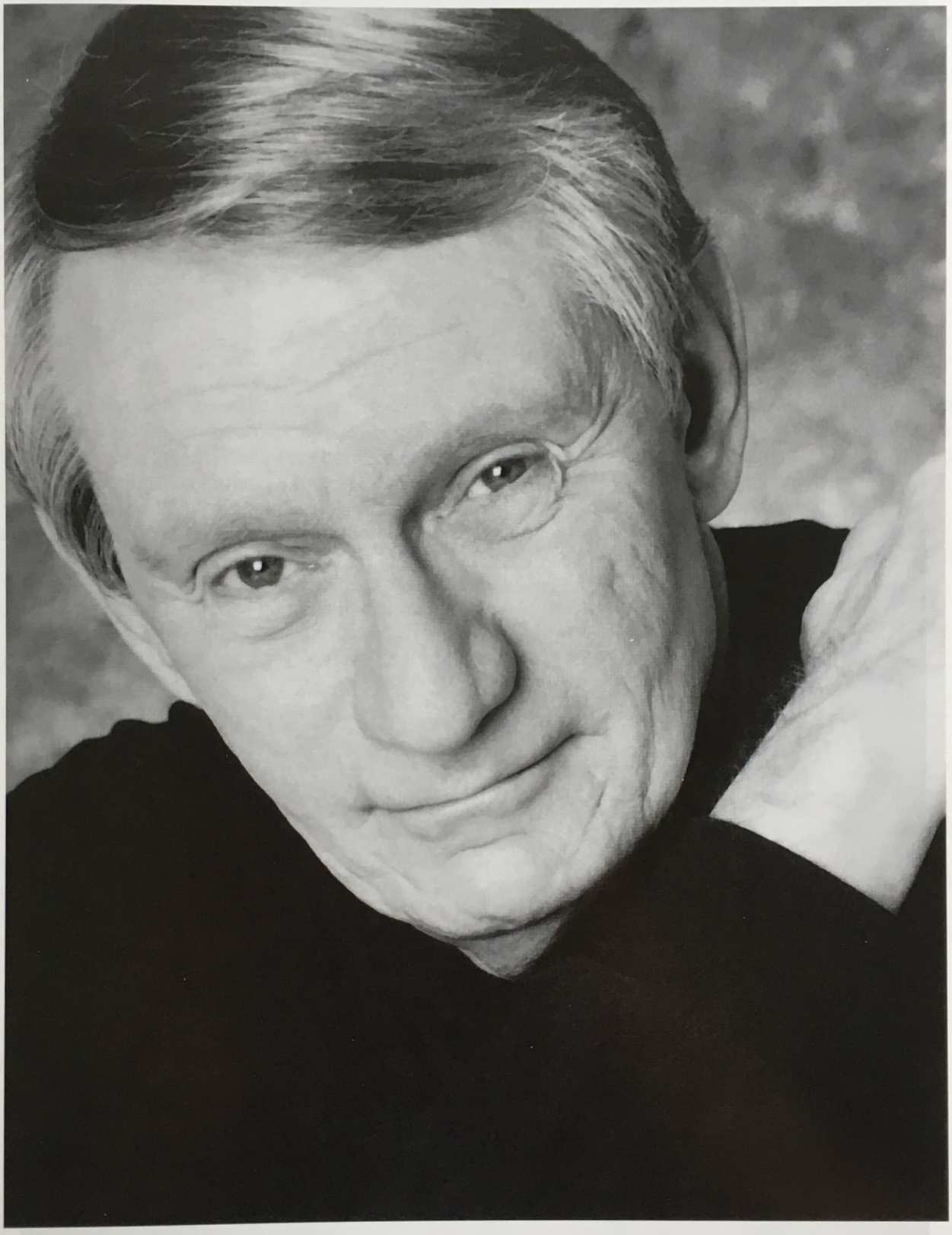
LOTS OF ROOM STILL AVAILABLE AT THE GATHERING '99 EXPO

We are inviting any reputable individual, organization, or company that actively markets or offers goods and services for mature people to join us in our EXPO. If you know of someone who would like to participate, or if you offer a product or service that would be of interest to our delegates, contact CR for more information and clearance. All products and services must be legal. CRPI will charge only $10 per vendor for the two-day event to offset security and electricity charges. Larger displays may be charged for excessive power consumption. Credit card sales by manual imprint only. No telephone lines will be available for modems. CRPI will furnish one table and two chairs for each display and overnight security; however, all vendors will be responsible for their own equipment, inventories and receipts.

Some examples of vendors we are looking for: Astrologists, Authors, Bars, Bookstores, Caricaturists, Computer Services, Foot Therapists, Grooming Consultants, Health Apparatus Reps, Health Information, Health Products, Jewelers, Magazine Publishers, Manufacturers, Massage Therapists, Men's Accessories, Men's Fashions, Pharmaceutical Reps, Photographic Services, Psychic Readers, Restaurants, Retirement Centers, Senior Organizations, Specialty Shops, Support Organizations, Travel Services, Trinkets.

IMPORTANT: YOU MUST WRITE TO CRPI FOR CONFIRMED AUTHORIZATION TO PARTICIPATE.

CHICAGO DAD



larry l.

MAC MARTIN & OLD SALT

tomcat

BE A CR MODEL AND CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

At CR we don't believe in the words "ugly" or "unattractive." We insist that no one is too fat or too skinny. Too tall? Bull shit! Too short? Our most popular models are short and chubby. And don't EVER say you're too old. Not for THIS magazine!

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send a sharply focused, well-contrasted, HIGH QUALITY 35 mm color or black and white photo of yourself. Do not send marginal snapshots; Polaroids; sex shots with obvious or simulated penetration or masturbation; photos with half your head or penis missing; portraits of yourself standing too far away; or prints with spots, lines, or ink marks that shouldn't be there.

Photos are not returned unless we are requested to do otherwise. If you want your photograph returned, SEND FOR IT AFTER IT IS PUBLISHED AND PROVIDE AN SASE.

The following form is required in order to have your photograph(s) featured in CR. Carefully write your name on the back of each submitted photograph and blot so that ink does not get on front of photo.

TO: CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 2589
VICTORVILLE, CA 92393

FROM: _____

This is to certify that I am the owner of the publication rights to and the model featured in the photography enclosed herein. I assign one-time rights of publication to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. It is understood that CRPI shall retain the copyright to such photography for a period of one year from the date of publication in CR, and model agrees not to allow the publication of same elsewhere during that period. I further certify that I am at least 18 years of age, having been born on _____, 19 ____. it is understood that my photography may have to be cropped to suit the needs of the publisher.

I hereby waive any compensation in return for the publication rights to subject photography.

I request that the name of _____ be published as the name of the model, in lieu of my real name. The photographer's name should be designated as _____.

The following information should be used in any biographical sketch accompanying my photography:

Age: _____: Height: _____: Weight _____: Area of Residence: _____.

Likes: _____.

Looking for: _____.

I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on the front cover of CR.

I am currently SINGLE _____/ in a SEXUALLY OPEN SPOUSAL RELATIONSHIP _____/ in a MONOGAMOUS SPOUSAL RELATIONSHIP _____.

I certify that I have not signed a release with any other magazine for publication of THIS photography within the past year. I further certify that I will not authorize publication of THIS photography in any other magazine until same is published in CR. I promise to answer all letters forwarded to me as a result of my photo's publication and fully understand that my photography will be published as space is available and that no timetable is implied or promised.

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

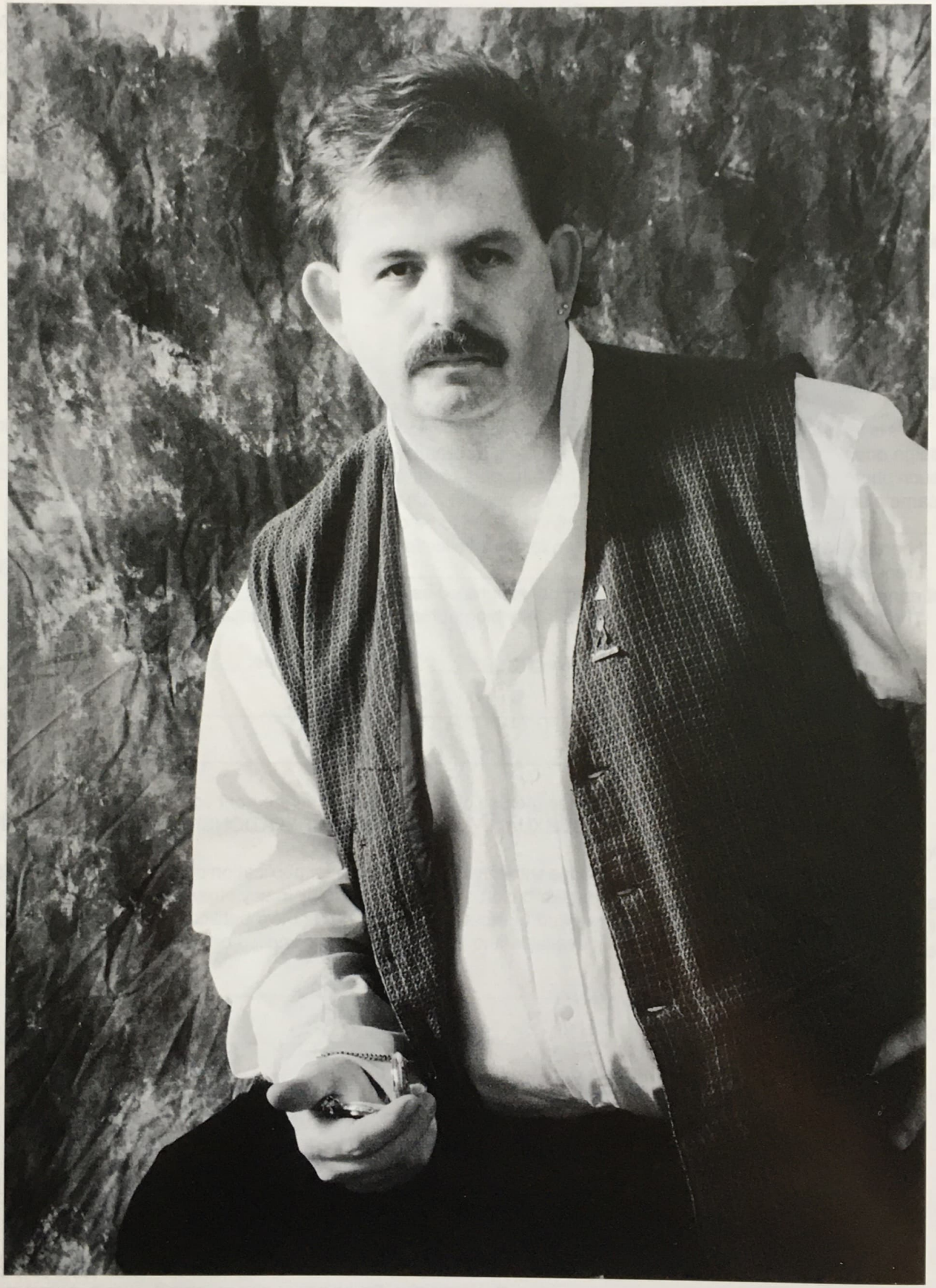
City/State/Zip: _____

Date: _____

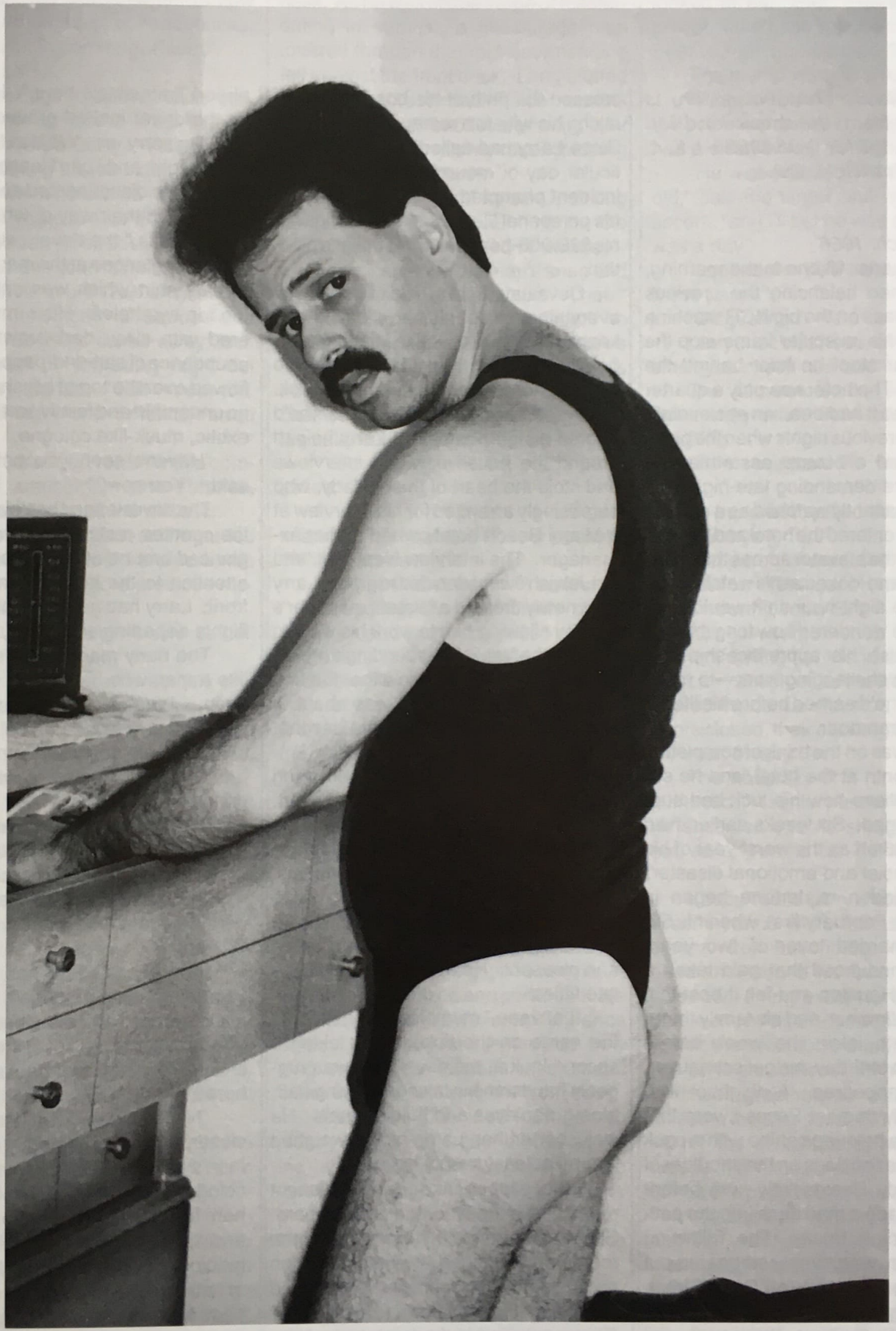
Telephone number: (_____) _____

NOTE: SUBMIT PHOTOGRAPHY AND THIS RELEASE FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED TO CRPI.

ROBERT LOWELL



TATTOOED BUNS



the boss

WAITING FOR ESCONDIDO

fiction by p.h. colley

Author's Note: The above story is exerpted from the book entitled Quincunx, ISBN: 0-9643685-1-X, © 1994 by Patrick H. Colley

Miami Beach, 1966

At a quarter till one in the morning, Larry finished balancing the previous day's business on the big NCR machine and eased his muscular frame atop the padded bar stool he kept behind the front desk. The hotel was only a quarter occupied, so it had been an easier night audit than previous nights when the place was full and a bizarre assortment of guests were demanding late-night services. He vacantly watched as a middle-age couple entered the hotel and headed sleepily for the elevator across the lobby. He sighed and looked at his watch, wishing that the eight-hour shift would pass quickly. He wondered how long it would take to finish his apprenticeship and begin more challenging work—to make the money he'd earned before his life fell through a trap door.

Larry was on the brink of completing his first month at the hotel, and he still couldn't believe how his luck had suddenly changed. Six weeks earlier, he'd written 1966 off as the worst year of his life--a financial and emotional disaster.

His sudden misfortune began in Chicago on February first, when his 52-year-old married lover of two years abruptly announced that he'd taken a new job in Houston and felt it best that Larry not follow him and his family there.

A month later, the week before Larry's 36th birthday, his pet schnauzer, Pecos, disappeared. A neighbor who occasionally dog-sat Pecos swore that she saw the beloved canine with a pack of estrus-crazed dogs on the shoulder of the Kennedy Expressway--just before the pack made a mad dash into the path of a speeding truck. The following evening, Larry drunkenly staggered out of a notorious gay bar on Rush Street, bitterly singing "Happy Days Are Here Again" (à la Barbara Streisand) and crossed the path of his boss, who was taking his wife to a restaurant next door. Since Larry had called in sick that particular day of mourning for Pecos, the incident prompted a third reprimand for his personnel file, resulting in the loss of his $25,000-per-year comptroller's position.

Devastated, Larry sold or gave away everything except his car, clothing and keepsakes then moved to Miami, where he rented a room from a faded nightclub singer whose hair matched her lipstick. Always respectful of his elders (he'd adored his grandmother), Larry helped around the house between interviews and stole the heart of the old lady, who surprisingly arranged for his interview at a Miami Beach hotel owned by her ex-manager. The interview went well, and the Jewish owner decided to groom Larry for a newly created assistant manager's spot by allowing him to work his way up through the "ranks" by spending a month in each position. And now that the first leg of his apprenticeship was about to end, he looked forward to the second: food and beverage cost controller.

As Larry fantasized about becoming a hotel manager at some classy resort, an airport limousine pulled up out front, and the driver quickly entered, looking down at his itinerary and pickup tickets.

"Running late?" asked Larry, taking the extended ticket from the driver's hand.

"Little bit." The man's voice was low and pleasant. He appeared to be in his late fifties.

"Let's see," mumbled Larry, reading the name on the ticket, then taking a second look at the driver. He was ruggedly handsome with short graying hair, blue-green eyes and bulging arms. He was shorter than Larry, but outweighed him by at least twenty pounds.

Larry slipped into a small adjacent room which housed the switchboard. Sitting at the console, he rang one of the rooms and watched the driver through an angled ceiling mirror which allowed him to view the front desk. "Hello, Mister Seagram? This is the front desk. Your airport limousine's here." He watched as the driver looked around the lobby. "No, I'm sorry, sir. We don't have a bell boy tonight, and I can't leave my station. Sorry." He disconnected and joined the driver. "On their way down."

"Thanks," the driver said absently.

Larry glanced at the man's arms and sweaty shirt which was unbuttoned at the top two holes. His arms were covered with silky, dark-brown hair. An abundance of salt-and-pepper chest hair flowed over the top of his shirt. He wore no undershirt and faintly smelled of some exotic, musk-like cologne.

"Haven't seen you before," Larry said. "You new?"

The driver leaned backwards against the counter, resting on his elbows. He glanced around at Larry then turned his attention to the near-full limousine out front. Larry had no idea that there were flights departing at that hour.

The burly man looked at his watch like a man who had a tight schedule to keep. "Yeah," he finally said. "Just started last week."

"I've only been here a month."

The driver glanced back at him and grinned. "Oh, yeah?"

Other than causing an erection, the expression seemed to hint that perhaps they shared similar misfortunes.

"Where're you from?" asked Larry

"A little place called Escondido, California."

Larry chuckled. "What in the hell are you doing here in Florida?"

He smiled and stretched, flexing his powerful arms. "Hiding from one and looking for another, I guess. You from here?"

"No," answered Larry, trying to edge closer to the counter to get a look at the man's crotch. The aroma of sweat and cologne heightened his desire. "I moved here from Chicago. I suppose I'm hiding and looking too." He felt a rush of giddiness and wondered if this crossing of paths was fated. He was immediately convinced that it would be years before he experienced a similar encounter--if

ever. Knowing that the elevator doors would soon open and cut short their conversation, his words began to flow without any thought of consequences. "We have a lot in common, I'll bet."

"Think so?"

That grin again, but his eyes projected something else. *Was it horniness?* wondered Larry. He remembered something a wise older man had said to him when he first came out in his twenties: "People are no different from animals; you can smell desire in a man's sweat if you have keen instincts." Knowing his instincts couldn't be any keener, Larry was convinced of Escondido's horniness. Seconds ticked away, lost. *Now or never.* "Hot, sultry night out there," Larry blurted. "Full moon, too. Best kind of night for a no-holds-barred blow job."

The driver stared at him with a combination of amusement and surprise, then he too glanced at the elevator.

Larry followed his gaze and regarded the elevator as he would a pipe bomb about to detonate. More precious moments ticked away.

A response, finally: "I sure as hell wouldn't turn one down."

Larry's throat became acutely dry, and his heart began to pound. His fingers chilled and trembled. "You particular about who does it?" he croaked.

The driver's gaze seemed to intensify. "Yeah." Escondido's voice seemed suddenly raspy. He faced Larry squarely. "They have to be *good.*"

Larry felt himself losing control of the trembling, which had moved from his fingers to his throat. "Please . . ." His voice cracked. "Please . . . believe me when I tell you that . . . *I'm the best.*"

The driver suddenly turned with the sound of his passengers coming out of the elevator. He rushed to the struggling older couple and fetched the suitcases. As he led them outside, he glanced at Larry, grinned, and winked.

Larry slowly sat on the stool. His entire body quaked; his face and ears felt hot.

Later that night, Larry experienced his fifth erection since Escondido left and realized that he had to have a release. He walked into the switchboard room and glanced up at the mirror. Turning off the lights in the room, he began to play with himself while watching the front desk. As he was on the verge of masturbating in earnest, a middle-age man tottered through the front entrance and fell against the front desk. Larry stuffed his semi-erect cock back inside his pants and went to the front desk, peering over the top. The man slowly rose, grasping the desk to for support.

"Bitch kicked me," he said, pointing at his knee. "Right here. The . . . the *bitch* !" His breath reeked of whiskey.

Larry inspected the man's knee and shook his head. "Bet that hurt . . . huh."

"Goddamn right, it hurt, son," he exclaimed, straining to focus on Larry's face. "Aimed for here." He released his hold and pointed at his crotch, then fell backwards against a couch. Regaining his balance, he gingerly sat on it.

"You staying with us, sir?" Larry asked.

"I . . . I don't know." He slowly searched his coat and trouser pockets. "What place is this?"

Larry smiled sweetly. "You first."

Struggling, the man finally pulled out a key, and Larry recognized it as one of the hotel's. The man held up the key and slowly lowered it as he passed out.

Larry searched a back office and found a blanket which he used to cover the man. He looked down and shook his head. "Looks like I'm in for a wild night."

As Larry had predicted, the evening took on a slightly deranged ambience. The giddiness he'd felt with the limousine driver returned; he began to feel a slight throbbing in his groin. He couldn't keep his mind off the burly man, and the desire to masturbate gripped him, leaving him disorganized and perturbed. He considered the men's room entrance across the lobby and estimated how long it would take to cross, masturbate, clean up, then return to the front desk.

Just as he'd decided to do it, two elderly women entered the hotel laughing hysterically. One was very petite with platinum hair. The other was rather plump with a horrible auburn wig. Spotting Larry, they quickly clamped hands over their mouths and giggled.

"Good evening, ladies." Recognizing the petite one from the night before, Larry was cordial. "Wanna share that one? I could use a laugh."

The woman with the platinum hair looked at the other, ostensibly for approval, which she received with a nod. Both women approached the desk.

The plump woman snickered.

"Right in front of the hotel next door," the petite woman said, wide-eyed. She had a distinct New York accent.

"He was dressed like a thirty-year-old," said the larger one with a similar accent, "and I'll bet he was seventy if he was a day."

"Looked like he'd been poured into those pants."

"Disgusting."

Larry shook his head, amused. "Why didn't you check him out?"

The women looked at each other in mock indignation, then they continued laughing.

"How much did he want?" asked Larry.

"A hundred!" yelled the heavy one with outrage.

"I mean," offered the petite one, "maybe for Tom Jones, but this one wasn't worth twenty-five."

"Clair!" admonished the plump woman, pulling her friend away.

Larry chuckled as the women disappeared inside the elevator. Just as the doors closed, their cackling escalated to screams of laughter.

The absurdity of it hit him and he guffawed. "A senior hustler?" His laughter subsided and he shrugged. "Why not, as long as he can get it up?"

It occurred to Larry that he'd been in a semi-trance while fantasizing about the man from Escondido. He shook his head and rubbed his face. The lobby was again empty except for the sleeping drunk, and he again considered a quicky-jerk in the switchboard room. "Fuck it, I've got to get some relief," he whispered to himself, groping around the dark room for some facial tissues. Finding a box on top of the switchboard, he easily retrieved his exceptionally vivid fantasy image and pulled out his sensitive penis.

Voices came from the elevator area, and he watched as two young men stormed across the lobby. The first, a tall man about twenty or so with long hair, spoke animatedly with grand gestures. Every third word seemed to be "man"

and every fifth or sixth, "you know." The second young man also had long hair, but he was shorter and appeared content to let his friend do all the talking. Abruptly, the taller one veered toward the front desk and slapped the service bell several times.

"Hey, man," he yelled. "Hey, anybody home?"

"Shit," grumbled Larry, again stuffing his sore cock back inside his trousers. Composing himself, he walked into the light. "Yessir, can I help you?"

"Yeah, man, uhh . . ." The tall one reached inside his pocket and pulled out a hundred dollar bill. "Like, I need some change, man, you know?"

Larry looked into the young man's glassy, dilated eyes. "Hundred, huh?" He pushed buttons on the big NCR and a cash drawer opened. He pulled out twenties and tens and exchanged with the young man.

The shorter one joined his friend at the desk, and both strained to focus on the bills.

"Hey, man, ahh . . . where's the fuckin' bar? Where's the pussy, man?" asked the short one.

Larry saw that his eyes were even glassier. "Bar's closed. Try some of the bars on the west side of the island. A lot of them stay open until five."

"Like, makeout spots, man?" both men asked, almost in unison.

Larry realized that if he didn't send them on an extensive wild goose chase, they'd probable pester him all night. "Okay . . . cross Collins and walk a few blocks to Alton Road. There're bars up and down the street the whole length of Miami Beach. Every other bar is either gay or straight, so check them out first."

Both men stared at Larry with blank expressions.

"And some of the straight bars are Cuban bars, so be careful. They don't like gringos looking at their women, *tu sabe?* "

As the shorter one frowned in confusion, the tall one pulled at him. "Let's split, man."

"Too *what?*" asked the short man as he was being led toward the front entrance.

"And be real careful if you see any bikes out in front *Tu sabe?* Those biker bars are deadly!" Larry yelled after them, then chuckled and sighed with relief as they stumbled out of the hotel.

For several minutes, Larry sat motionless in total silence and felt as if he'd slipped into a complete trance. Although never a religious person, he considered prayer but felt that if there really was a deity that considered the requests of mortals, such a god would surely be offended by his lustful appeal. *But was it so lustful?* he wondered. He didn't just want to suck Escondido's cock; he wanted to merge with him, to "ride off into the sunset" with him. With all his might, he shouted out a psychic message: *Come back Escondido. You've crippled me with fever.* "You give me fe . . . *ver,*" he sang absently. "Fever when you hold me tight. *FEVER* ... I'm on *fiyer* . . . a-fever all through the night."

A rattling sound came, signalling that a guest had rung the switchboard. Irritated by all the interruptions, he sighed and answered the call in the darkness. "Front desk."

"Yes, this is room four thirty-four," a female announced primly. "I'd like room service, please."

"I'm sorry, madam, but we don't have room service after ten in the evening."

"My goodness . . . oh, dear."

"Something wrong?" Larry was concerned, but his horny mind began to conjure up a fantasy:

Escondido rushes through the entrance, ripping clothes away from his profusely sweating, steaming body.

"Ginger hasn't had her French fries." She sounded close to tears.

Escondido runs toward the counter, demolishing furniture in his way, like some crazed pirate.

"Ginger?"

"She's my poodle. Whenever we stay up late, I always give her French fries. Sometimes, when she's really hungry, I'll give her half my Reuben sandwich."

"I see," said Larry.

Escondido grandly vaults over the counter as Larry braces himself for a lustful takedown.

"Well, I'm really sorry. We're sort of a small hotel, and we don't have twenty-four-hour room service like the big beach hotels . . . *Oh God!"*

Escondido grabs Larry's head and violently pushed it down to confront a massive erect penis.

"Hello? Are you still there?" asked the woman.

"Uh . . . uh, yes, I'm sorry." Larry shook his head and dispersed the phantom.

"Perhaps you could be so kind as to send someone out to get a hamburger with French fries."

"I'm sorry, lady. I'm here alone, and I'm a night auditor, not a bell boy," he said indignantly.

"Ginger," she said, the receiver away from her mouth. "I'm afraid you're just going to have to suffer through this."

The bark of a small dog came and Larry winced as he bit his lip to keep from laughing.

"Good night," the woman trailed off sadly.

Larry disconnected and jumped up and down, spinning a full 360 degrees, shouting, "Coocoo, coocoo!" He almost tripped and had to balance himself against the counter.

Then he saw a limousine parked in the drive outside. He rubbed his eyes and considered that he might still be fantasizing.

He looked closer and saw that the limousine was empty. "Oh my God," he whispered hoarsely, staring hard at the entrance.

A silhouette of a big man neared the door but moved past it. Suddenly the two young hippie types barged in. As they strode to the front desk, the elevator door opened and the two older ladies walked out, still giggling. All four congregated at the front desk.

"Hey, man," said the tall young man. "you shorted us twenty bucks."

"We decided to take your advice," said the petite woman, almost at the same time as the young man spoke. "We're going out to find that gigolo. I'd like to get into my lock box, please."

As Larry attempted to formulate words, he saw Escondido approaching cautiously from the entrance. From the opposite corner of his vision, he sensed movement from a couch and watched in horror as the drunk man staggered to his feet.

"What's all the fuckin' noise?" the old man demanded, searching his pockets for his key. "Who stole my goddamn

key?"

The elevator door opened again, and a gaudily dressed woman walked out with a poodle on a leash. She blurted out: "Which way to the nearest all-night hamburger place?"

Larry ignored the guests and smiled sublimely at the limousine driver, now standing just behind the young men and looking totally confused. "Yes, sir, could I help you?" Larry asked dreamily.

The others turned and stared indignantly at the newcomer. Escondido nodded and handed a pickup ticket to Larry, who read it in silence. Seeing that it was old and outdated, Larry suddenly became very businesslike. "Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but this man and I have some very critical hotel business to conduct. I'm afraid you'll have to come back later." Then, to Escondido: "Sir, could you step around the corner there, and I'll let you into the back office."

Escondido grinned and walked to the area Larry had pointed out, glancing at the strange, protesting crowd in amazement. Larry opened the door and led the burly man into the darkness of the switchboard room. Pointing toward the mirror, he gestured for silence and began to unzip Escondido's trousers.

"This is crazy," whispered the brawny man.

"Maybe," Larry whispered back, burying his face in silky, moist chest hair, inhaling the potent essence. "We can feel guilty about it tomorrow."

As Larry licked his nipples, Escondido began to respond and allowed his trousers to fall to the floor. He warily watched the boisterous group through the mirror. "They're just standing there snarling at each other."

"Fuck 'em. You know, I haven't had a man like you in over fifteen years," said Larry, flickering his tongue down the massive torso into pubic hair.

"What kind of man is that?" Escondido asked breathlessly.

"A man who makes you want to pinch yourself to see if you're not dreaming," Larry whispered into the delightfully fragrant bush. "The zenith . . . the most powerful fantasy I can think of . . . coming true." Larry was amazed at what he was saying. "When life serves a feast, you eat with abandon."

The burly man pulled Larry up, his biceps bulging and glistening with sweat. "No one's ever said something like that to me before." He kissed Larry gently, tentatively probing with his tongue.

Larry pulled away and stared at him in awe, taking off his own clothing.

The driver looked nervously into the mirror and reluctantly took off his clothes.

Both men stood nude in a pile of clothing. They locked in an embrace, their stiff cocks rubbing together, oozing precum.

"Doesn't anyone know where I can get Ginger some French fries?"

"Clair, he'll be gone if we don't get our money and get down there."

"Hey, man, does anyone know where there's a straight bar in this fuckin' town? *Hey, asshole, where's my fuckin' twenty!* "

"I'll find that goddamn key if I have to tear this couch to pieces!"

Larry knelt in front of Escondido and caressed the short, thick cock, then he slowly took it inside his mouth and let it glide to the hilt. He heard joints pop in his partner's legs and thought he could feel the man's skin tingle with excitement.

Escondido lay on his side, gesturing for Larry to sixty-nine with him.

"Ginger can't sleep without her French fries."

"Come on, Clair. Maybe we can bring him here and pay him afterwards."

"No, I want money out of my box. Where *is* he?"

"Hey, man, do any of you bitches know where we can get a fuckin' hit?"

"Screw the key. I'll sleep here."

"What's a hit, Clair?"

Locked onto one another, Larry and Escondido rocked from side to side until they did a complete roll, then they slowly rolled over the carpeting. As the passion erupted between them, the rolling became more pronounced. They slammed into the switchboard and other furniture with abandon.

The tall young man impatiently rang the bell. *DING! DING!*

Escondido stopped rolling and plunged his cock into Larry's willing throat.

Larry opened his eyes and dizzily watched the images sway in the mirror. From his partner's extremities, he felt a growing trembling and knew that the thick cock would soon explode in climax. He lodged the ever-widening penis in his throat and stared serenely at the irate guests until his eyes began to bulge and further distort his vision.

DING DING!

Liquid gushed out is slick rivulets, easily sliding down Larry's throat.

A call came to the switchboard. *RATTLE RATTLE.*

DING DING! "Hey, man! Get the fuck out here, you asshole!"

RATTLE RATTLE . . . RATTLE RATTLE.

Erupting, Larry felt Escondido slightly tense then relax as semen spilled into his mouth. To his surprise, the burly man swallowed, and Larry was convinced that it was his first time to go that far.

In spite of the ongoing protest outside, both men relaxed and slightly rolled away from each other, gasping for breath.

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph," whispered Escondido.

DING DING!

RATTLE RATTLE.

"You have to hurry off somewhere?" asked Larry breathlessly.

"No. And even if I did, I couldn't."

Larry chuckled and began groping for his clothes. "Got to quell the riot, but I'll be back in about fifteen minutes. Okay?"

"I'll be here, paralyzed."

Larry looked at him very seriously. "Uh . . . I get off at eight. What time do you go back on duty?"

"I'm off for two days. No plans." He matched Larry's seriousness. "Maybe we could . . ."

Larry allowed himself a bit of optimism as he grinned his approval. "Yeah . . . maybe we could."

DING DING!

RATTLE...

Both men looked at the abruptly silent switchboard.

"They gave up," said Escondido, chuckling.

"Yeah, but *they* didn't," said Larry, nodding toward the front desk. He reentered the fray. "Okay, who's first?" asked Larry with a cum-wet shirt, mussed hair and a radiant smile.

she's writing a book

Dear Chiron Rising:

I am writing a book for RE/Search Books—they published *Modern Primitives*, about tattoo subculture and *Angry Women*, about wild female performance artists such as Annie Sprinkle.

My book is about people whose desires don't match cultural norms; and who are defiantly proud of their refusal to behave according to the norm. The book celebrates those sexual subcultures that push society's buttons. It's called *Dev(f)iant Desires*, where the "v" is crossed out and replaced with an "f".

I have interviewed Dan Austen, who founded a group called The Jovian Society for older men and their admirers in New York in 1995. He personally has desires for men who are at least 30-40 years older than himself—quite a large age difference. Some psychologists would define this as a paraphilia called "gerontophilia." Although he is certainly an extreme case, he felt that his group fit into the book in general because he feels that gay culture still has a "clone" image of the desirable man. And straight culture, too, wants to deny older people both as sexually active and as sexually desirable. He wants to show how older men can be sex objects, even when that desire is considered "deviant." He wants to make it more acceptable.

I have read a number of issues of CR and I recognize that the magazine is not geared specifically towards younger men who desire men much older than themselves. However, there is a component of your readers who seem to fit this category.

I would be very interested in corresponding with someone who wants to be heard on this subject (either who is offended by the idea of being a sex object because of their age, by the idea that the desire for much older men is considered a "paraphilia," or who is a younger man who desires only older men and is happy with that desire).

It would be very useful to me if you would put me in touch with anyone you think might be interested in these questions. I would be happy to interview them by phone or e-mail (e-mail is easier, because I don't have to transcribe and I know I won't make any mistakes). I look forward to your response. Sincerely,

Katherine Gates
15 Harrison St.
New York, NY 10013
gates@heck.com
http://www.heck.com
Fax: (212) 334-4042

ALL ABOUT US

Chiron Rising Magazine is published every other month on even months by Pat, 58, and Bruce, 78. We don't have a staff, but we have occasional volunteers who help us mail out issues and do clerical work. The magazine is an all-consuming labor of love, so we prefer not to deal with men who project severe attitudes and yell at us. We absolutely reserve the right to deal only with nice guys.

For that reason, we respectfully ask our readers to be tolerant of the inevitable delays, screwups and miscommunications. In order to put out a good product under these conditions, we have no choice but to operate by triage.

New to CR? Here are answers to some often asked questions:

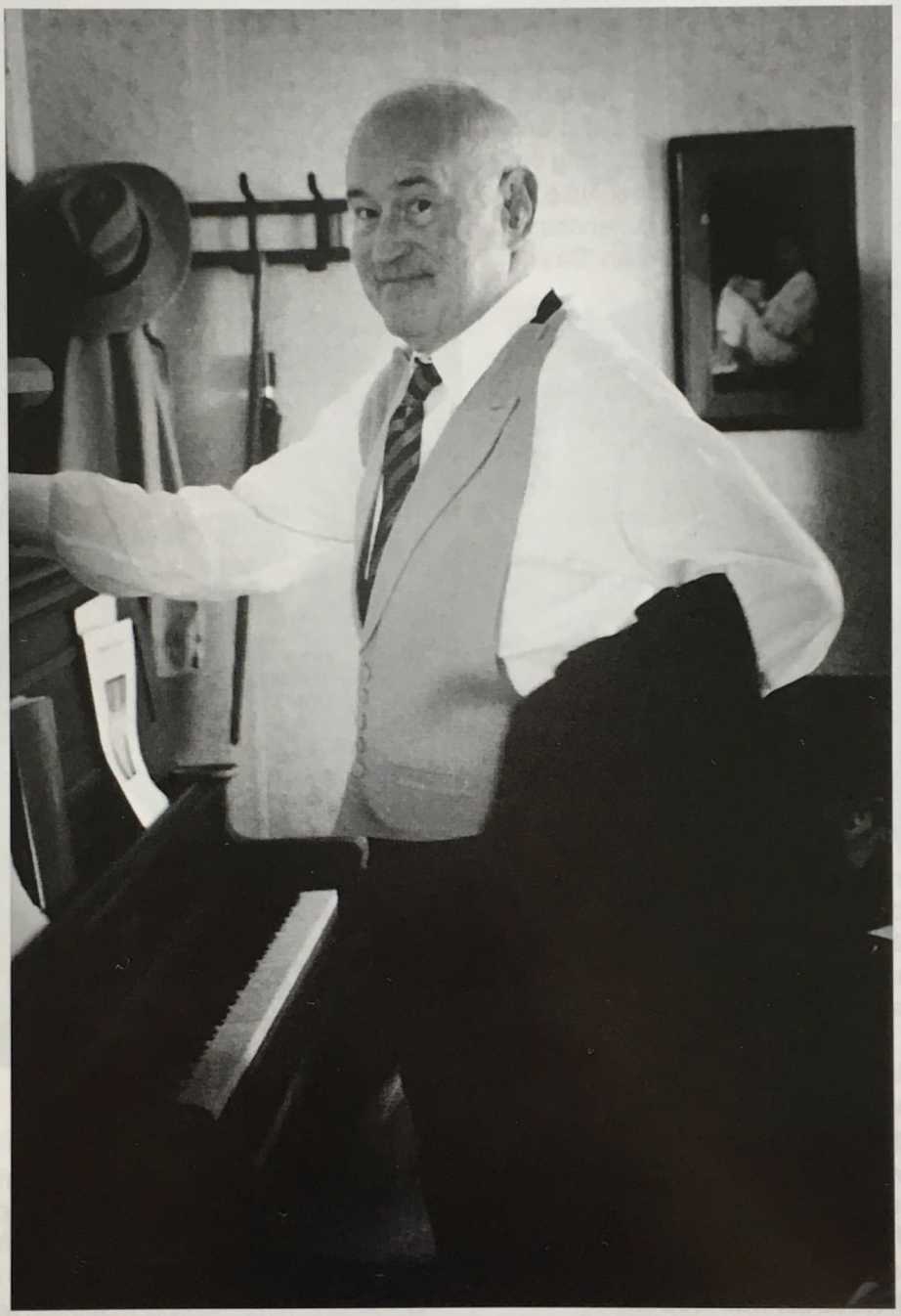
Chiron Rising was named after a comet called Chiron. The comet was named after a centaur. We used to have a centaur created by RAM on our cover, but someone else decided they wanted a centaur on their cover too. So, instead of playing that stupid game, we started using cover models in full color. Good-looking older men sell more magazines than centaurs anyway.

CR models and writers want to hear from you. Follow the instructions at the end of THE CONTACT NETWORK.

The code on your address label indicates the issue number of the last issue of your subscription. We will include a reminder note inside the front cover, so don't miss it. A "V" means you're a cool, established customer eligible for free ads and pampering. A V2 or V3 entitles you to private favors and a LOT of pampering—within the realm of mutual civility, of course. These codes are based on total products and services purchased, not length of time with CR.

If you would like to become a CR model, follow the instructions in BE A CR MODEL AND CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

We deeply regret that our issues do not distribute like clockwork. Expect your issue to arrive between the middle and the end of each even month. During that period, we will post a message with an estimated distribution date of the current issue. The message can be heard by dialing toll-free: (888) 227-2935. Please do not inquire about an issue's status by calling our (760) number or by e-mail. We cannot field such a flood of inquiries.

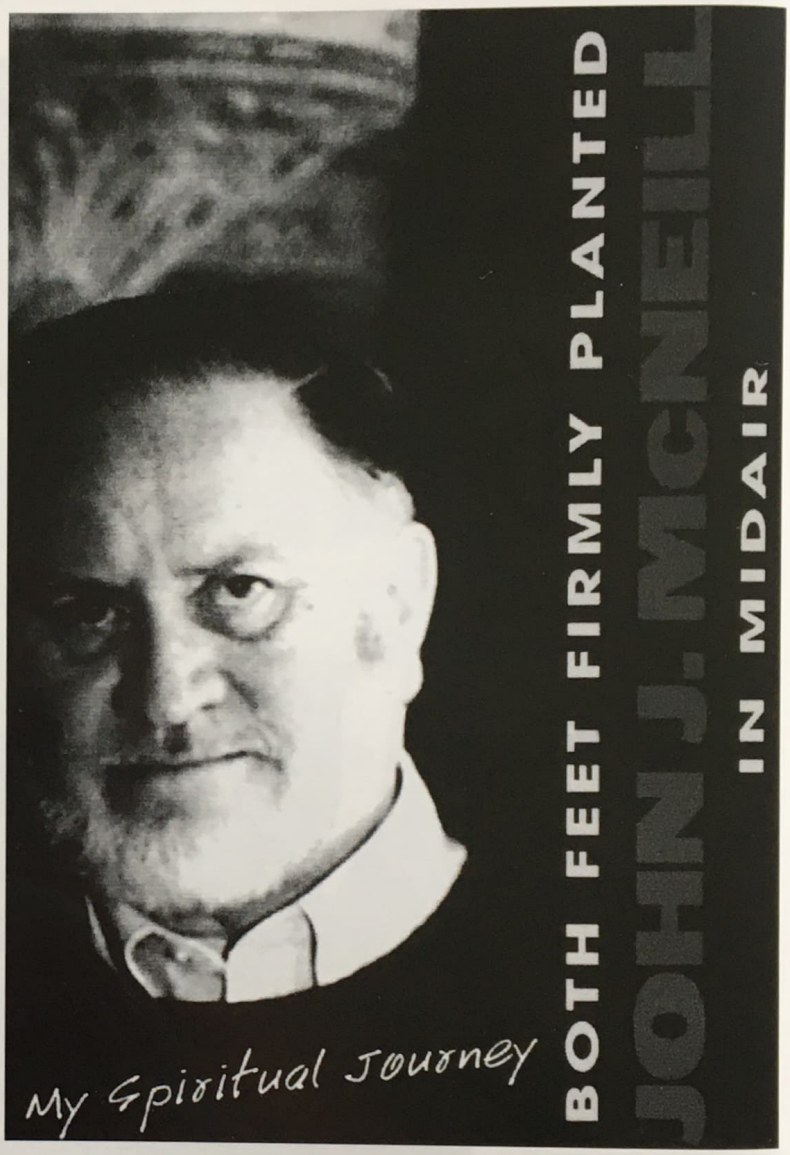


PATRICK O'CONNOR ON BOOKS

BOTH FEET FIRMLY PLANTED IN MIDAIR My Spiritual Journey

by John J. McNeill

Westminster John Knox Press
Louisville, Kentucky
ISBN 0-664-25808-5 - Price: $18.00



Father John McNeill, our pastor, has written a wonderful book, and you should go out and buy it and read it—not just because we all owe him for blessing our lives and assuring us that God loves us, but because it's enlightening and entertaining and his experiences in WWII were certainly more horrifying and real than "Saving Private Ryan" and "The Thin Red Line."

First, the disclosure: I've known, loved and admired Father McNeill (they can throw him out of the Jesuits, but they can't make him a non-priest) for many years, which doesn't exactly qualify me to review his book, but what the hell—we're all brothers here.

I used to bump into John on the street in New York, and one day he said to me, "Have you heard about my tragedy?" I said what tragedy John, and he said, "I've been silenced by the Vatican." And I said tragedy? I've never heard anything so wonderful. Little did I think when I was little Paddy O'Connor being terrified by the nuns back in grammar school that I would ever know someone so glamorous as to be silenced by the Vatican. So counter reformation.

Only a saint could have survived his childhood. His first memory: in his crib; age four; he heard his dying mother scream, "Who's going to take care of my babies?" Top that for early trauma, Dr. Freud. She did die, and young as he was he blamed himself. His father then married his mother's demented sister, and they took a public vow of chastity, on old Irish custom (the poor Irish have been driven insane by the Roman church). A long difficult adolescence: "Gay, not gay, God help me, I'll never do it again, I promise." Something we all understand.

During WWII he was captured by the Germans, starved, and beaten nearly to death:

"Our food ration was drastically reduced to a small potato and some turnip soup once a day. I was starving. My weight fell from one hundred forty pounds to less than eighty pounds. As soon as I began to starve, all I and the other prisoners could think about was food ....

" In the middle of the chaos, one example of courage based in faith impressed me so deeply that it influenced the rest of my life. A group of American prisoners were sent out in a work detail to a farm where SS officers were raising mink. Our job was to chop firewood. An Eastern European slave laborer was working close to me, mixing a mash for the animals. The mash included real potatoes and carrots. I could not take my eyes off the food. He must have detected my starving condition, for when the guard's back was turned, he reached into the mash and threw me a potato. If the guard had caught him, he would almost certainly have been killed. I quickly hid the potato in my jacket and tried to signal a thanks to him. His only response was to make the sign of the cross. That sign of the cross was like a flash of lightening. Here was a man who was willing to risk his life to feed me, a stranger, and he found that courage and his freedom from fear in his religious faith. I date my vocation to the priesthood from that moment."

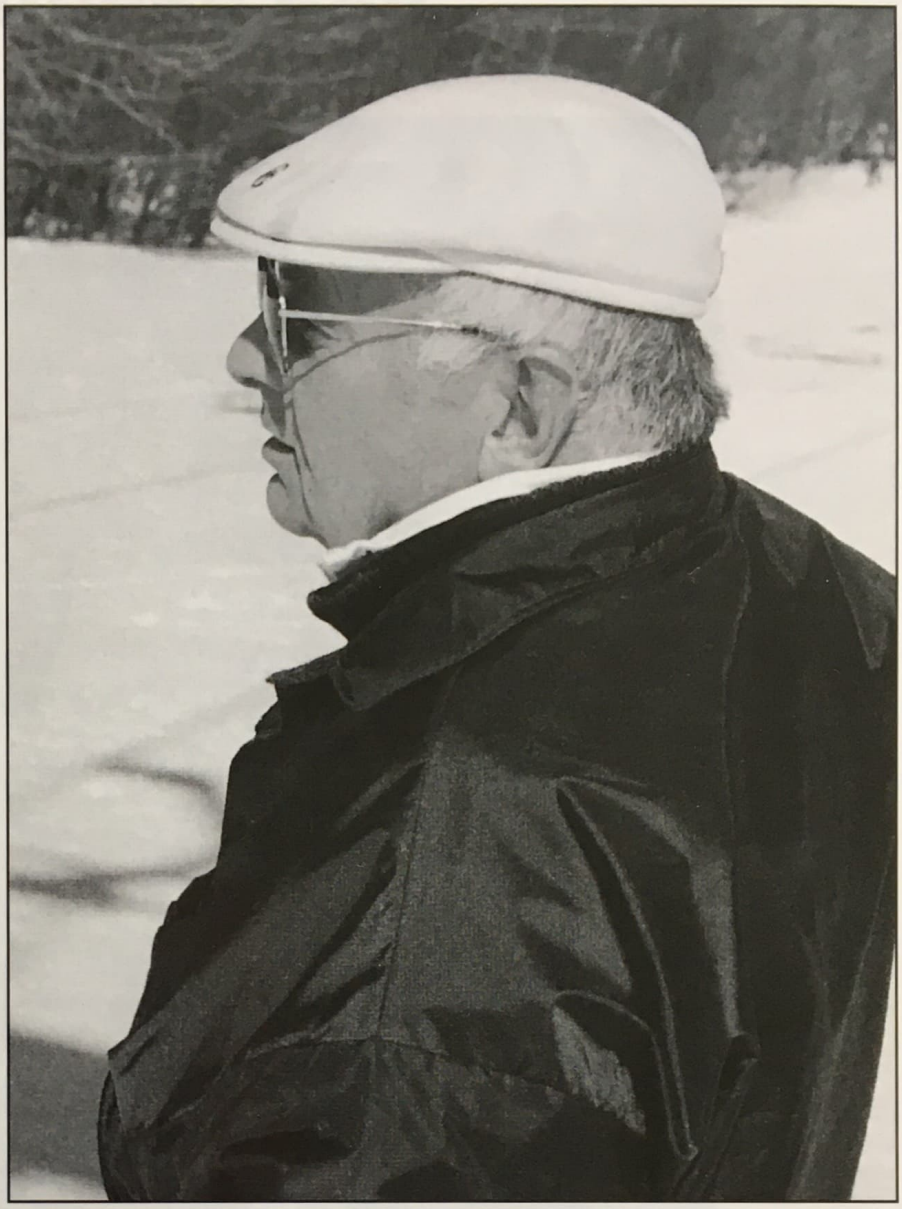
After he got patched up at various Veterans Hospitals, Fr. McNeill went to collage (magna); joined the Jesuits; became a distinguished theologian (magna at Louvain, highest marks

since Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen); wrote one of the most important books of the twentieth century, *The Church and the Homosexual*; was silenced by the Vatican and kept his silence for nine years; and, finally, when the Vatican lost it's grip on reality, he unsilenced himself and spoke out, loud and clear. Remember the counter-reformation didn't work either. He got thrown out of the Jesuits (lost his pension and retirement benefits; nice bunch, the Jesuits). He came to grips with his sexuality, met the wonderful Charlie (John Garfield as an Italian), performed heroic service to other priests as a therapist. (I happen to know that when word got out that John had become a therapist, Bishops and Cardinals flew in from all over the world for treatment.) Finally the decision to find peace and quiet in Ft. Lauderdale or Palm Springs (Ft. Lauderdale won).

Surely *someone* wants to make a movie of this book. It has everything: the Dickensian childhood, the demented aunt can be turned into a wicked stepmother, WWII, the struggle with sexuality, looking for love in all the wrong places, epic battles with the Vatican. And finally: true love.

Buy this book, and the next time you see John, you will be able to say the three sentences every writer wants to hear more than anything:

I bought your book.
I read your book.
I liked your book.
I did.



Having mastered yet another exciting avocation, PATRICK O'CONNOR recently shifted gears and abandoned his ski instructor position in Killington, Vermont. He and his ski instructor lover of many years decided to give L.A. a shot, and most of their friends await with baited breath news of the next project. Patrick, a frequent contributor to CR, has already retired from heralded careers as book editor at various book publishing houses, dance critic, and radio talk show host. His book, *Don't Look Back - A Memoir*, can be ordered from Moyer Bell (401) 789-0074, or from www.amazon.com (ISBN #1-55921-098-2. He is a friend of Bill W's, loves music, loves to dance, and would like to see with his own eyes the truth about Inuits.

WHAT'S THAT? DON'T GET ENOUGH OF PATRICK O'CONNOR?

BINGO! LEAVE IT TO THE BRITISH

by Patrick O'Connor

Some of you may recall that a few years back I proposed we find a better word than "gerontophil" (love of old) to describe some, if not at all, the readers of CR. In London, there's a gay soccer football team (my father is spinning in his grave) called Stonewall, which has trounced most of the straight soccer teams. Many of the players on that team and other gay soccer teams prefer older men. They are called by their teammates: Bingo-Chasers. Older men in the U.K. evidently play a lot of Bingo. After a game the Bingo-Chasers go cruising to the mother house of all Bingo-Chaser bars, City of Quebec in London, otherwise known to the players as "The Wrinkle Palace." This information was brought to my attention by the cutest jock Bingo-Chaser of them all, Paul Finney, who insists he's not the star of the Stonewall team—but he's a star all right. Picture to follow.

DIETER

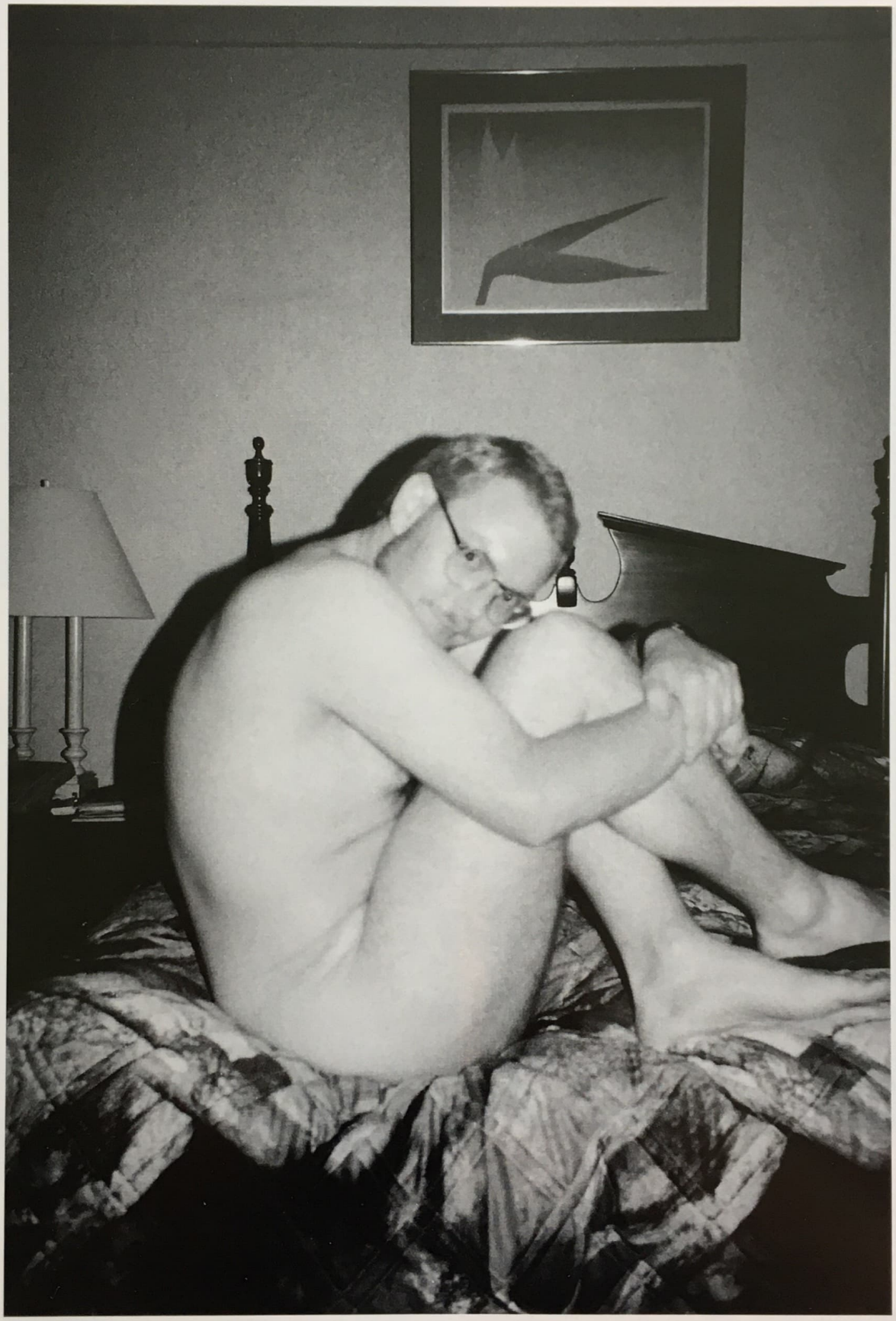
http://www.chiron-rising.com

A website to promote CR … and to entertain beyond the scope of CR. Artwork, photos and fiction never before seen in CR. Artwork, photos and fiction resurrected from the Swan days.

And speaking of websites, check out probably the best site for mature men we've ever seen. We highly recommend you visit:

http://www.maturefur.com

COUNTRY BOY



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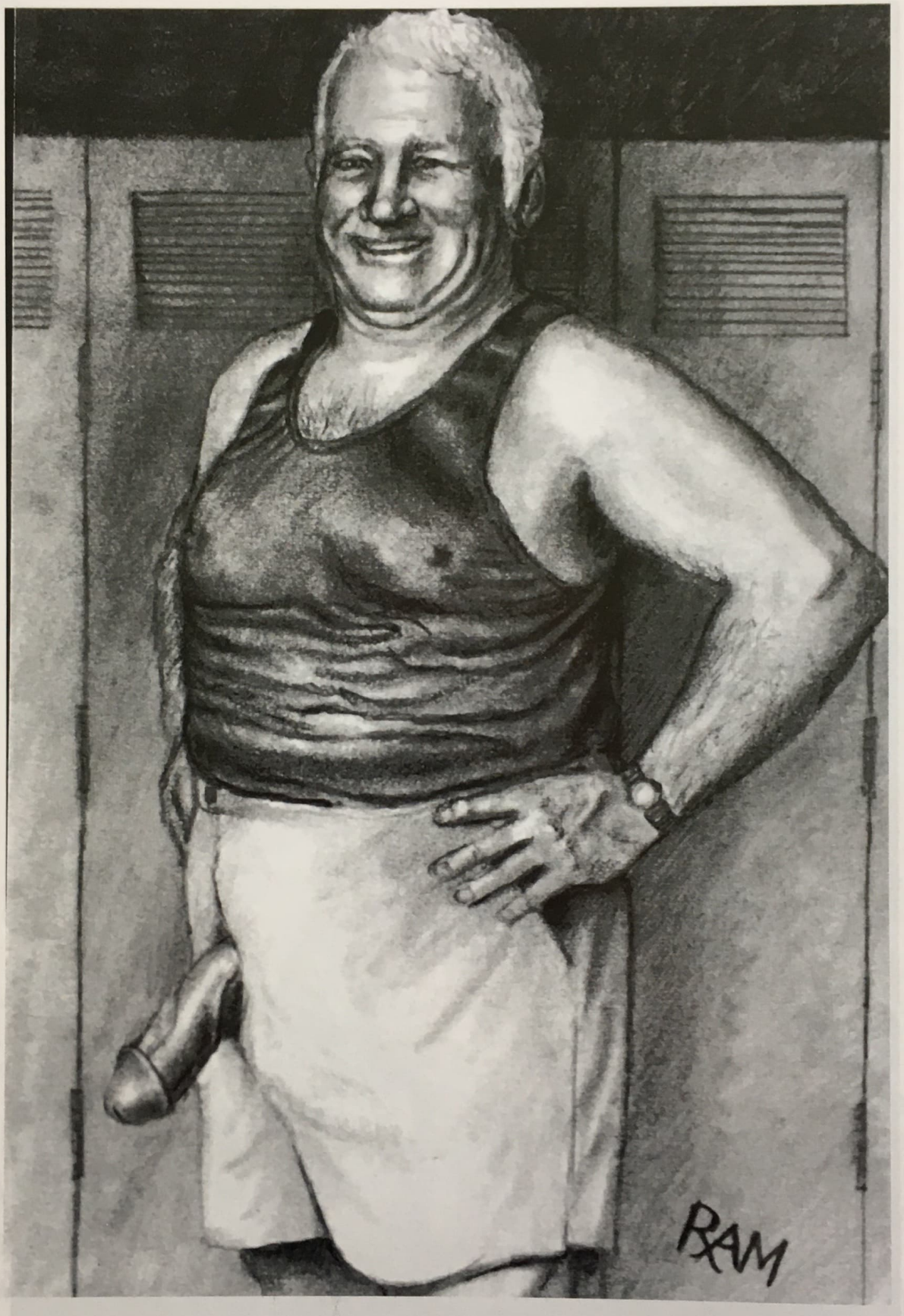
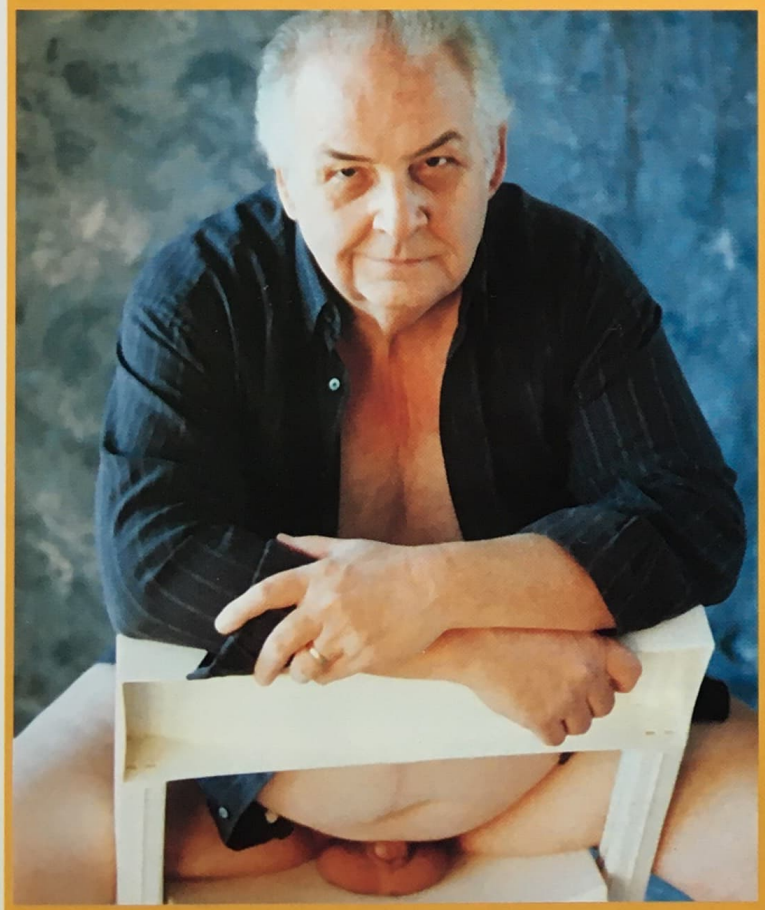
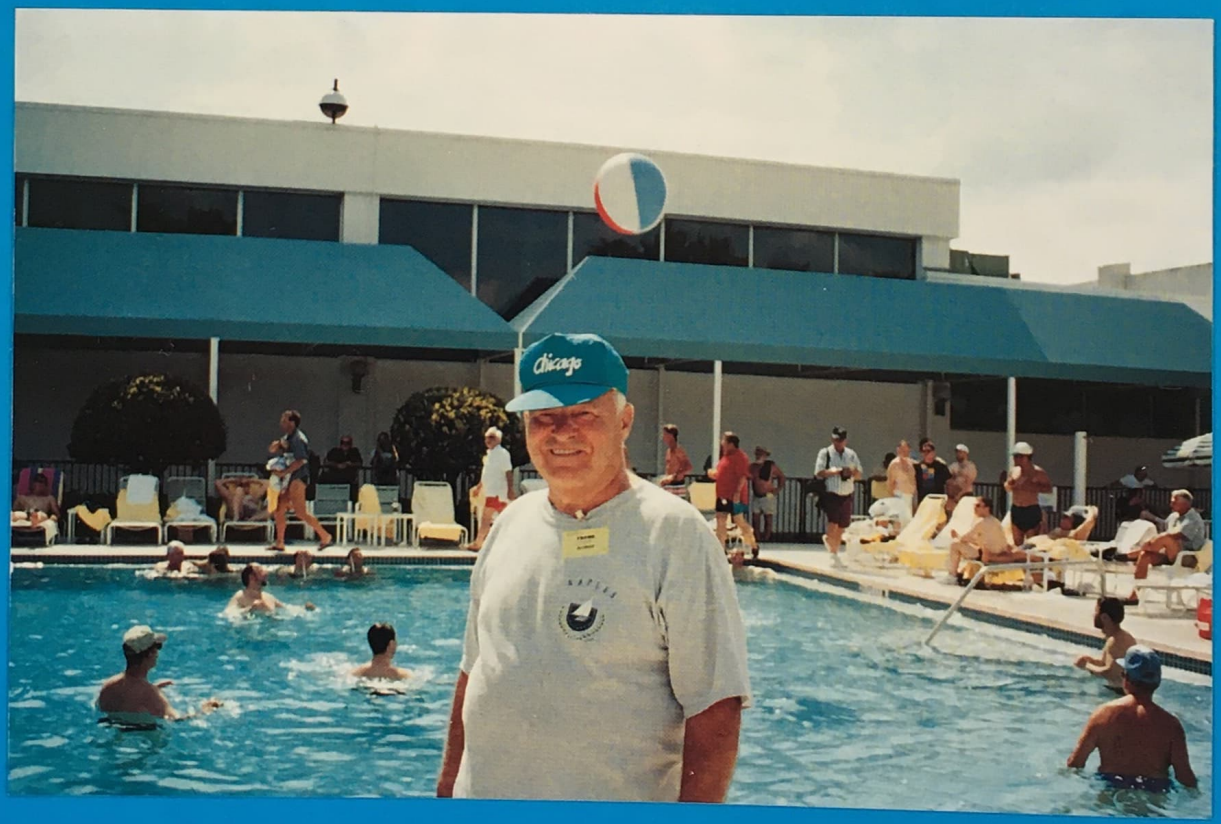

RAM

RICH MULLINS



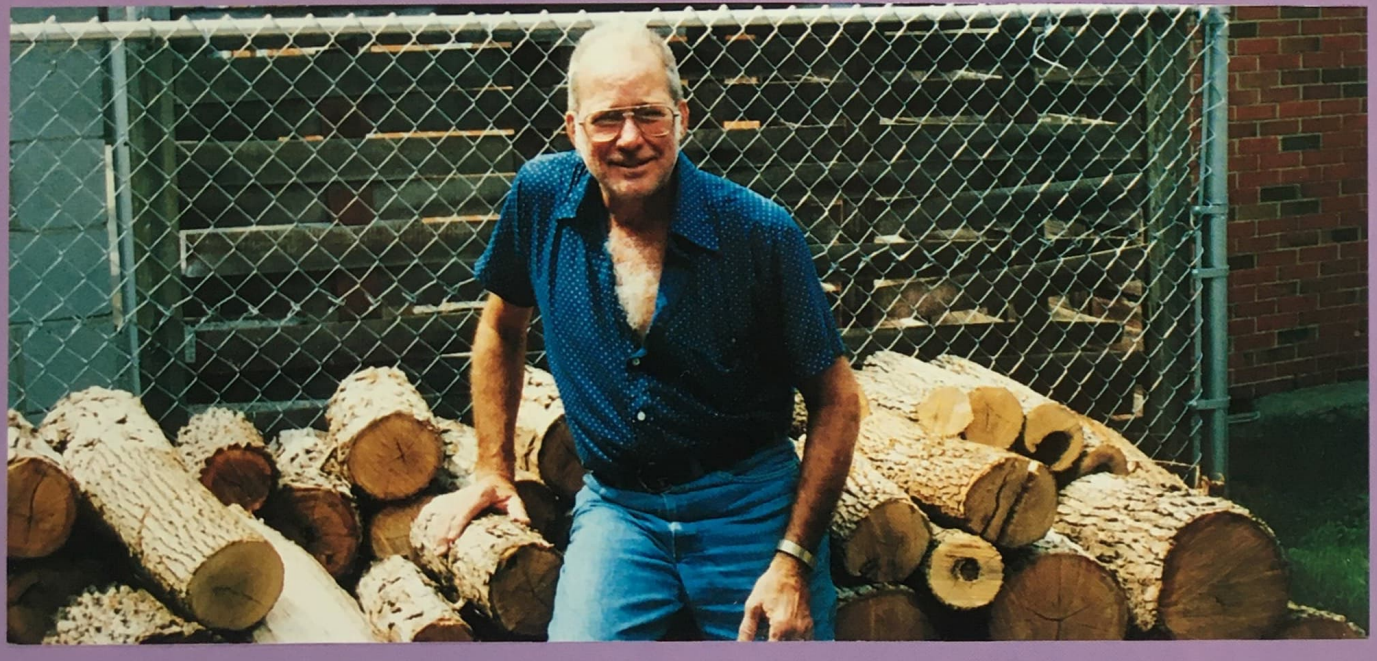
MAINE JIM

CHICAGO FRANK



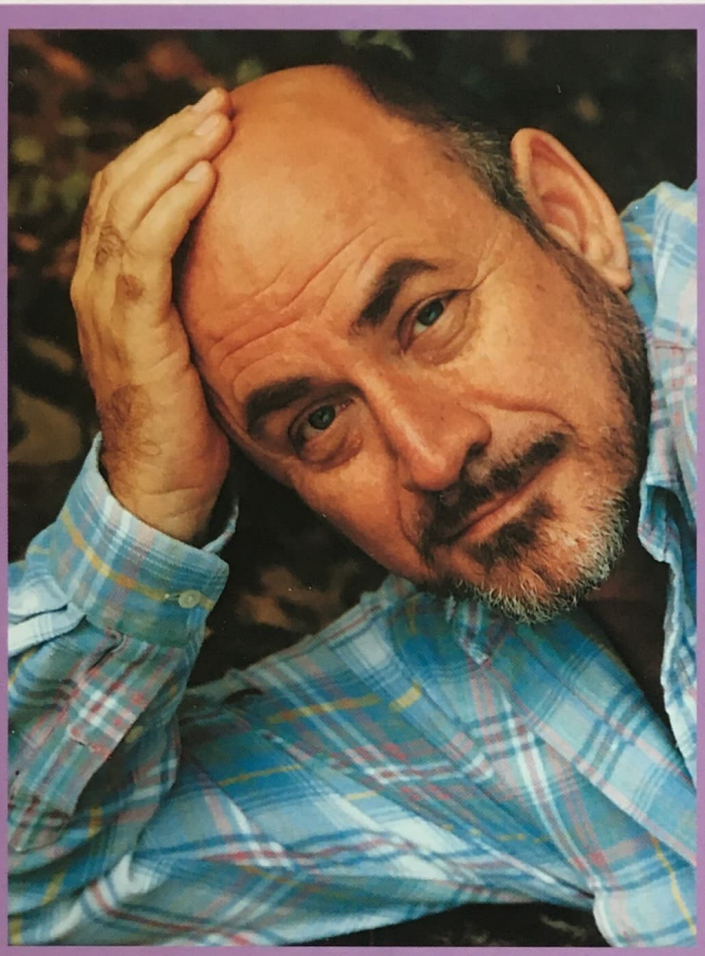
YOUNG APOLLO

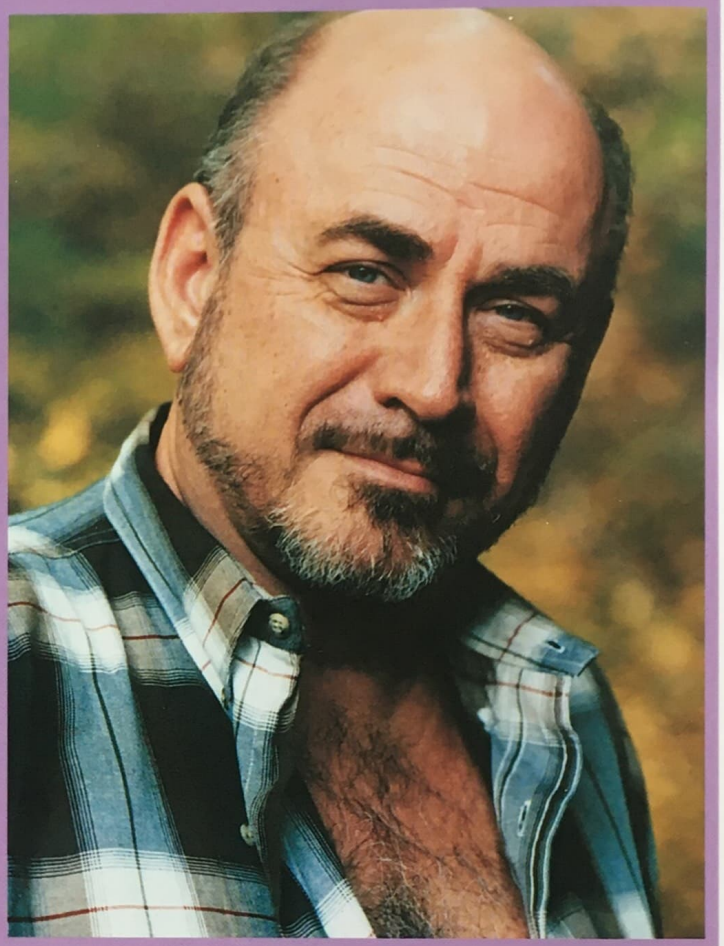
THE COLONEL **THE WRESTLER**

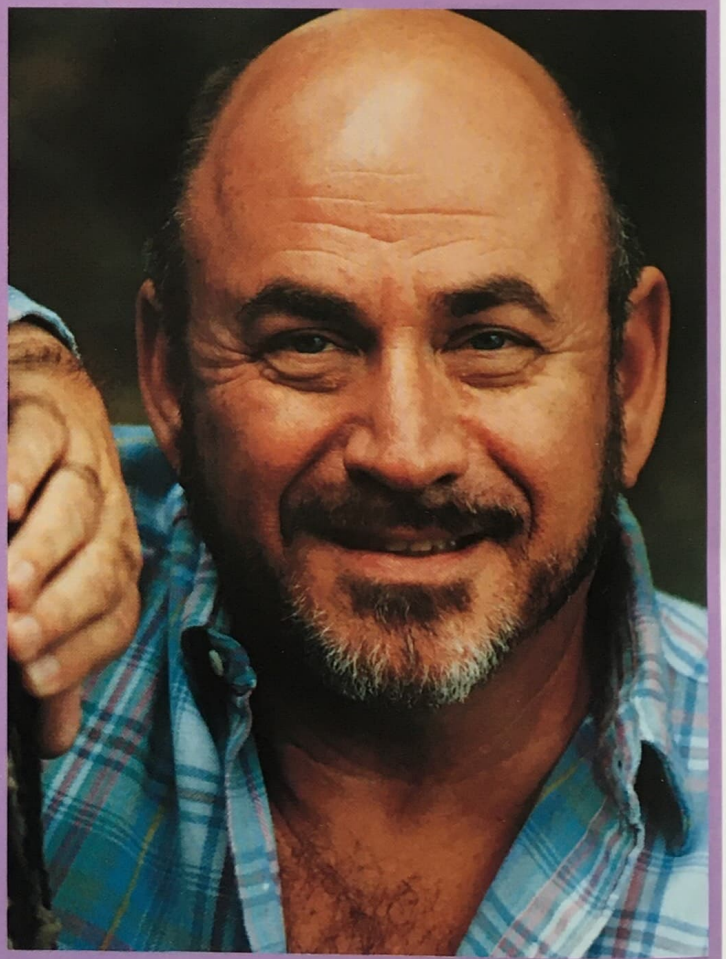


GENTLE BEAR

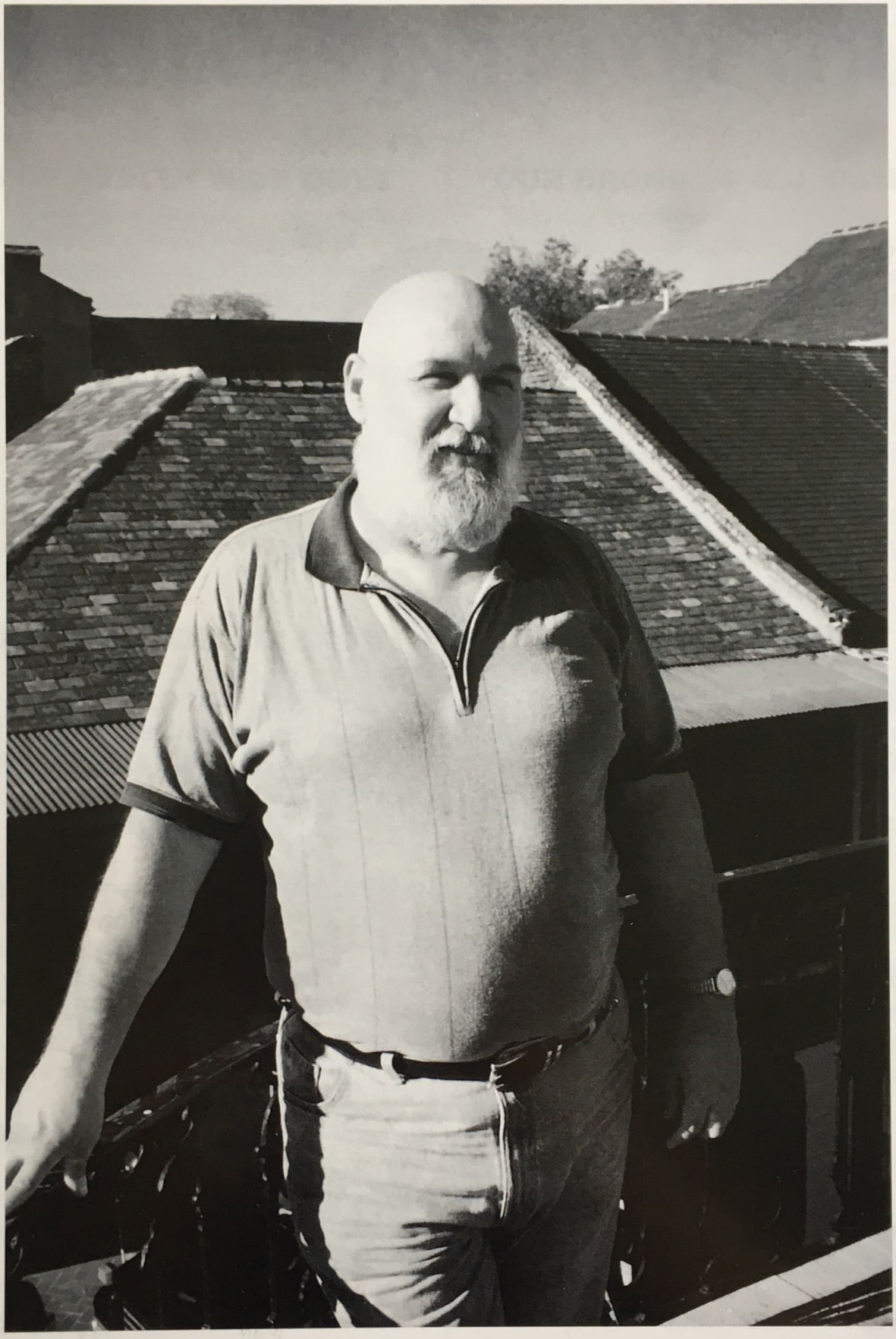
photos by manny



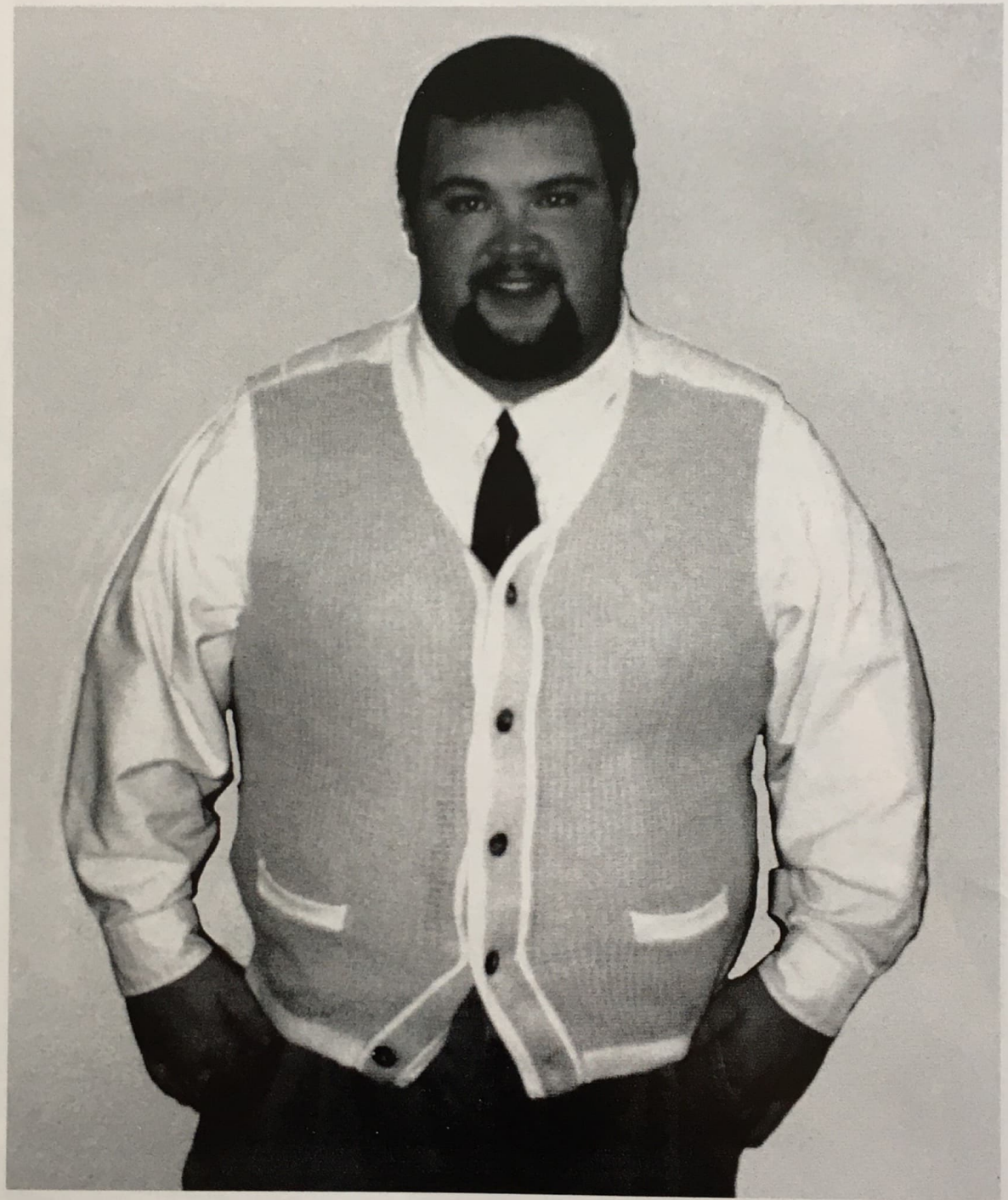




THE WRESTLER



tomcat



THE NINTH ANNUAL CHIRON RISING SPRING GATHERING
MAY 27 THROUGH MAY 31, 1999

SO WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?

LOTS OF REALLY NICE GUYS

Between 1,500 and 2,000 men, all of whom have a lot in common with you. Whatever you seek, ye shall find, be it impetuous romance, social bliss, spiritual rapture, or just plain fun.

FOUR COCKTAIL PARTIES

You buy your own beverages, but we supply the munchies and great ambience. We'll even place you in touch with other men from your region, and our staff members will introduce you to anyone you want to meet.

CABARET ENTERTAINMENT

Featuring our own KOOKABURRA, RAY C., and KEN D., along with special guests, DAVID SCHAEFER and DEBBI BURDETT.

WORKSHOPS

Two (2) workships by JOHN J. McNEILL on spirituality; two (2) workshops by PAPA BEAR on bereavement and relationships; two (2) seminars by NETBEAR on the internet; one workshop by DR. PATRICK T. on men's health; one workshop by DR. RICK on survival; and two (2) sessions by TOM C. on water aerobics.

POOL PARTY PARADISE

If we fill the hotel the way we're expected to do, we will have exclusive use of all facilities. That means not having to share the pool with families and a lot of children. Open affection encouraged, provided you go easy on the passion.

OUR BRAND OF D.J. DANCING

If you like to dance the night away with your sweety in your arms, we proudly present two full evenings of dancing with TOMCAT and THE SLUT PATROL as DJs. No blaring music; no small, crowded dance floor. Big dance floor; big ballroom. Oldies from as far back as the forties, all the way up to late nineties dance mixes and hot salsa. Something for everyone without damaged eardrums.

And THE SLUT PATROL DJs don't just play CDs—they entertain and entertain and entertain. So, if you don't dance, you'll still have a great evening.

AWARDS BANQUET

Even if you don't keep up with what happens at CR, you'll still enjoy a great meal. And you just might win our drawing prize of a Gathering 2000 package for two, including hotel and registration. If you do care what goes on at CR, then you won't want to miss the awards.

EXPO

Whether you're interested in buying CR caps or investing in fine art, you don't want to miss our new and improved Expo, located in the hotel's Exhibit Hall. A lot more vendors; a lot more products and information.

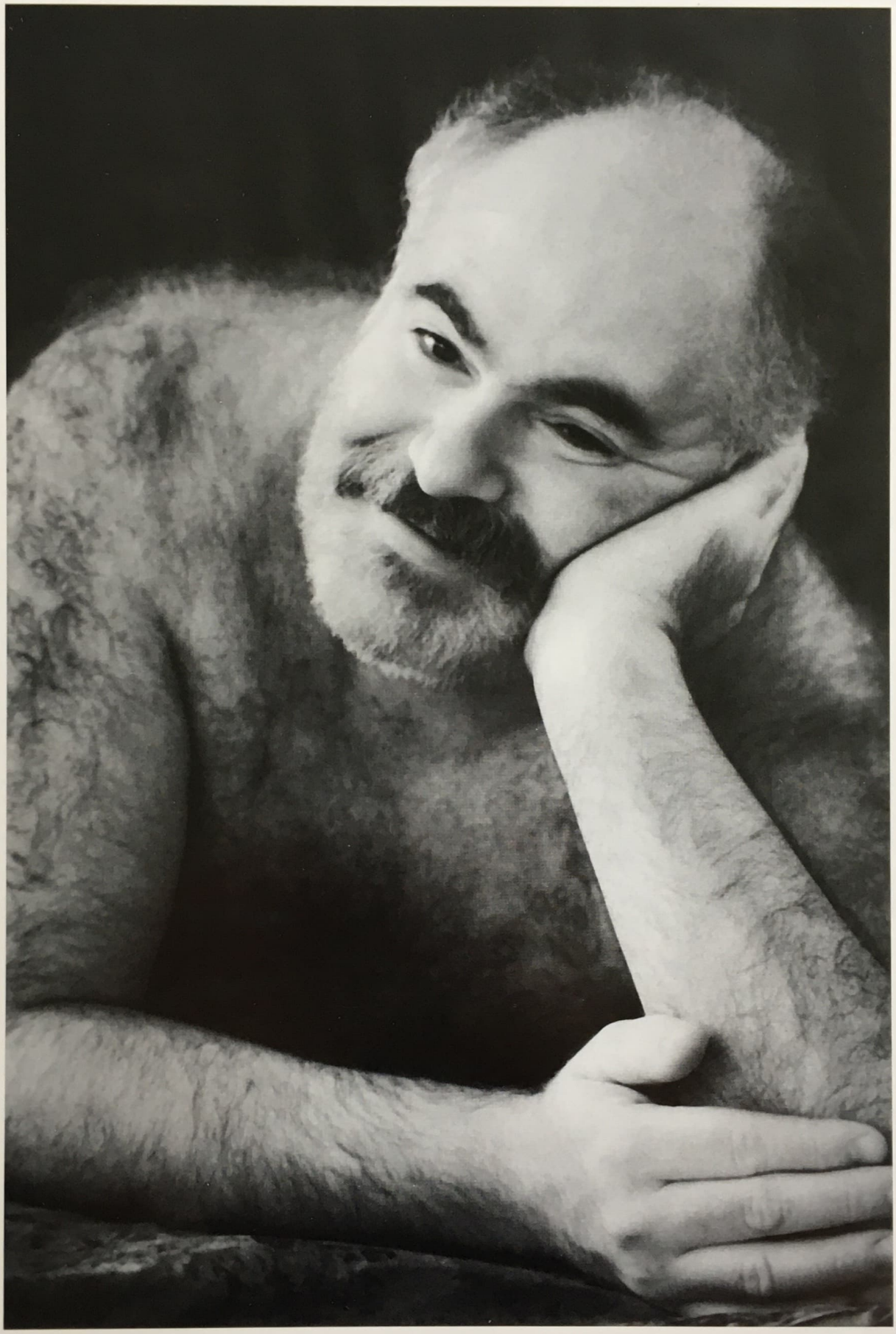
MEMORIAL

If you've lost someone dear to you and want to honor them in the presence of other men who walk in your shoes, we will hold a balloon release memorial on Sunday night. Debbi Burdett will sing a special song.

THE SERVANT

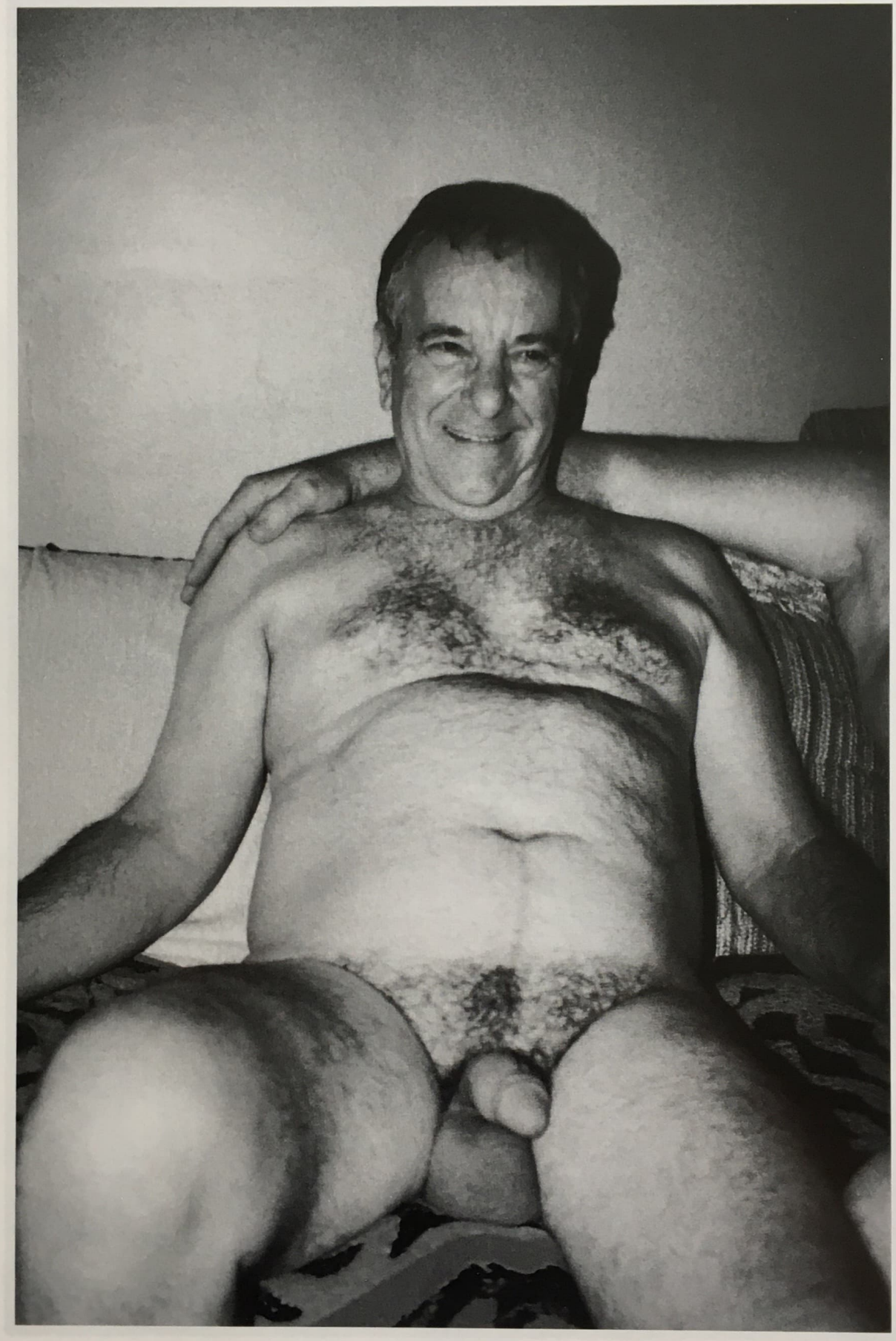
emil

JARET



manny

NUTHATCH

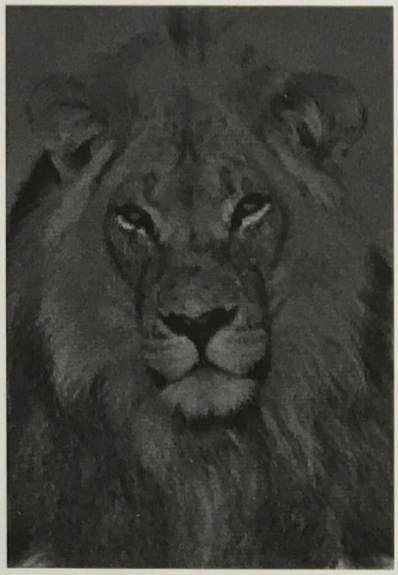


doug

PANDA

dieter

ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA



If you need bereavement support, the Order can help you if you get in touch with us. You do not have to be a subscriber or customer of CRPI, nor do you have to be a member of the Order of the Silver Simba. The simple act of reaching out entitles you to our help. We cannot refer you to a professional counselor or clergyman, but we will put you in touch with other men in your area who have suffered the same as you and survived. It is our sincere belief that benevolent contact with those who have walked in your shoes can provide a valid and effective alternative or supplement to professional therapies.

If you wish to join the Order and donate spiritual support for a brother suffering through grief, send your name, address, telephone number, and a statement that you would like to offer your time and compassion to a grieving brother in your area. Also state if you: a) have lost a mate, b) are losing a mate, c) are just a compassionate soul wanting to help.

Your identity will never be divulged, either by list or referral. You will be contacted only by CR if your help is needed, and you will be supplied a contact.

Write: CR, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393, or call (toll-free) (888) 227-2935 within the U.S. or (760) 868-6371 outside U.S. E-mail: crpi@aol.com

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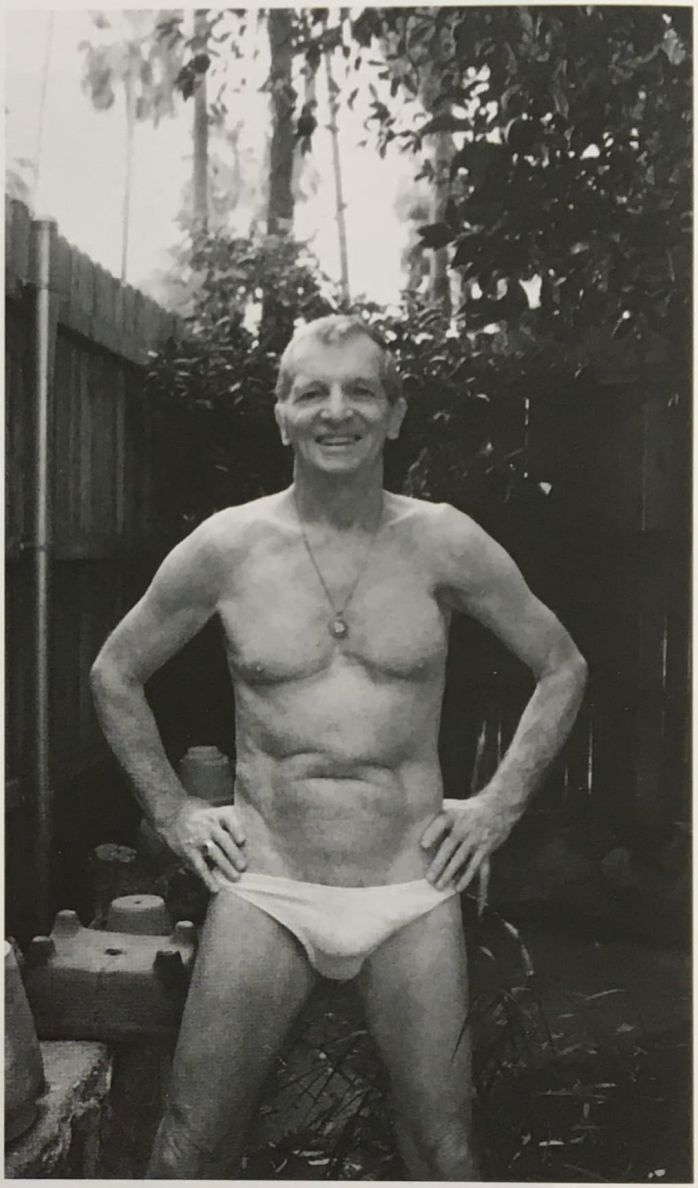

THE CONTACT NETWORK

ARIZONA

(90) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, looking for someone 30-60 for friendship and possible LTR, if compatible. Light drinker and smoker okay. No drugs. Looks and body not important, but heart and soul are. Your photo gets mine. Just learning computers. Enjoy most forms of safe sex. **BAREKAT**

(90) FLAGSTAFF/ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 58, 5'-11", full head of silver hair, blue/green, versatile, attractive, seeks friendship and long term relationship. Enjoy outdoors, animals, sewing, quiet times. Write: RWS, P.O. Box 22236, Flagstaff, AZ 86002.

CALIFORNIA-NORTH

(89) BAY AREA: Romantic, healthy, sexy, good lookin' (I've been told), active, intelligent, funny, 69-year-old, hoping to find a mature man to date. Object: matrimony. I'm 5'-10", 190#, white hair, blue eyes, smooth body with "average" build. Bill Jones, 324 Larkin St. #52, San Francisco, CA 94102.

CALIFORNIA-SOUTH

(90) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Sexy, masculine couple, open relationship, seeks other horny, virile singles and couples. We are responsive, talented, and playful. You be the same. Hairy a plus. We are both hairy, HIV negative. Older partner only out six years. HIV negative a must. Write: Fred M., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510, or call (818) 762-3675, from 9 am to midnight.

(95) LAGUNA BEACH/NATIONWIDE: Couple, open relationship, 59, 5'-9", 160#, hung, and 66, 5'-8", 185#, hairy, seek safe sex/friendship with energetic mature male(s), especially furry bears. We are HIV negative, discreet, oral, tit, and reciprocal. Peter/Jack, 1494 Glenneyre, Laguna Beach, CA 92651, or phone (949) 497-3548. See our photos in CR 85 and 87.

(90) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Seeking sincere, younger friends and/or long-term relationship. I am chubby, 59, 5'-8", 225#, retired. Photo appreciated. John C, 1067 Via Grande, Cathedral City, CA 92234, or e-mail Johnc2000@earthlink.net

(92) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 36, 5'-8", 200#, brown/hazel, seeks masculine, straight-acting, sensitive, honest GWM, 40-55, for friendship, possible relationship. Rugged/hairy chest preferred. Write: RGD, 13801 Oxnard St. #211, Van Nuys, CA 91401. If possible, enclose photo.

(89) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: DWM, 55, 5'-8", 150#, uncut, trim, in-shape, HIV negative, well-travelled, cosmopolitan, retired, in search of successful, secure, healthy gentleman around 70 + till eternity, French active, for short visits, vacations or cruises. Your photo and telephone number will get prompt reply. Write Mr. T., P.O. Box 3802, Santa Barbara, CA 93130.

(V2) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, single, 60, 5'-11", 178#, reddish/brown hair, blue eyes, clean cut, HIV negative, easy going and relaxed. I have a very unusual lifestyle and occupation. I am straight acting, do not smoke, drink or get involved in drugs. I am very discreet and have a great sense of humor. I love holding, kissing, cuddling and sex often. I am well-endowed and cut, typical of my English ancestry. Seeking monogamous long-term relationship with a sincere, compatible, younger, fun-loving, romantic partner. Please send me your serious, detailed letter with photos and your phone number for a prompt reply. Write: D.R.P., P.O. Box 10009, Burbank, CA 91510-0009.

(90) TUSTIN: WILL TRAVEL: SWM, 55, 6 ft., 185#, smooth, affectionate, expressive top and bottom. Seeking bald, trim, shy men over 40 years old for monogamy. Sincere inquiries to: **CREAMER**

(90) NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: Couple, intergenerational, 60/80, seeks younger man, 35-55, to learn and inherit thriving business. Must be strong, vibrant, intelligent, and good hearted. Should love senior men with a passion, if not to a fault. Write: **BLUEGREEN**

(90) WANTED: OLDER OBESE PAPA to devote all my free time to. GWM, 50, 5'-8", 125#, monogamous, HIV negative, safe cuddler. I love my job in hospital food service, but I want a big, fat old teddy bear to hold me and slobber all over me. The one I had for 7 years passed at 73 last August. My 6" penis will always stand at attention for you. Your penis size or erection ability is not important as long as you experience pleasure. Race not important. Faithfulness is. Write: Ira Orloff, 418 S. Normandie Ave. #205, Los Angeles, CA 90020, or call (213) 389-7629.

(89) SAN DIEGO: GWM, 62, seeking a serious life companion who is Christian, romantic, caring, and compassionate. Must be committed to a monogamous relationship, be nonsmoker, non-drinker, with no addictions and no bizarre sexual needs. NO FACIAL HAIR. Cut. Character, personality, and commitment more important than physical characteristics, age or race. I am a professional person; also ordained clergy near retirement. Excellent cook. Own home and motorhome. Like to travel, enjoy romantic things, classical music and theater. Appreciate musical talent in others. Have been married, have grown children. Understand real values and the give and take needed in a relationship. You should be able to contribute financially, share values, and desire a loving relationship as well. Write with photo to: "Padre", P.O. Box 881625, San Diego, CA 92168-1625.

CONNECTICUT

(91) FURRY BEARS, big and burly, sought by bearded GWM, 54, 160#, 6'-2". Call/write: Jon, P.O. Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, (203) 794-0868.

DON'T SEE ANY ADS FROM YOUR AREA?
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU BREAK THE ICE?

FLORIDA

(90) SILVER FOX, 68, 5'-10", 190#, white moustache and sides, tummy, monogamous, honest, loving, caring, sincere, discreet, great sense of humor, seeking young (age 19 to 39), slender lifemate. Photo please. Write: Don, P.O. Box 11313, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33339.

(V2) NORTHERN FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Healthy, active, muscular GWM, 79, 5'-8", 160#, CR Model (Aug. 95). Enjoy hiking, swimming, travel, congenial conversation. In search of 50-plus friends, preferably hairy, not obese. Home is near I-75 exit; guests welcome. Photos exchanged. Write: **DELTA MAN**, or E-mail: jvan@nervm.nerdc.ufl.edu

(90) DAYTONA BEACH/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-6", 172#, masculine, clean-shaven, HIV negative, seeks 25-40 GWM for friendship and/or monogamous LTR. I enjoy beach, dining out, travel, reading, TV, flea markets, and big band music. You must be clean-shaven, short hair, weight in proportion to height, masculine, straight in appearance and actions. Hairy chest is a plus but not a requirement. Please, no drugs/alcohol/feminine. **DAYTONA BEACHBOY**

(91) CENTRAL FLORIDA: GWM, 44, 189#, 5'-7", HIV negative, seeking a mature WM as we start as friends first and grow together to share love and life as one in a long-term relationship. Interests vary. Relocation considered. **TROPHY**

GEORGIA

(90) ROSWELL, GEORGIA: GWM, 80, 5'-10", 220#, brown eyes, gray/white hair, 5" cut, widower, retired teacher, affectionate, masculine, seeking nonsmoker, no drugs, moderate drinker, 60-85, for friendship, pen-pal and more. Enjoy hugging, kissing, fondling, mutual J/O, French A/P. Your photo with phone number gets prompt reply. Inquire: **ROBI**

HAWAII

(89) HONOLULU/NATIONWIDE: 60s GWM, 165#, 5'-7", hot/hard uncut 7-1/2", versatile, adventurous, HIV negative, gray hair, full beard, don't smoke/drink (but could be talked into a dubbie now and then), educated, like BIG low-hung balls, good F.G./A.P. Nude picture gets mine. JRW, Box 10736, Honolulu, HI 96816.

ILLINOIS

(89) ILLINOIS/NATIONWIDE: Top GWM, 68, 6'-1", 205#, wants a big, strong, heavy-set bottomish son for gentle horseplay, mutual workout, safe sex, swimming, sleeping with each other. Write: J.L., P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60161.

(90) CENTRAL ILLINOIS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 74, 5'-9", 185#, seeking mature, heavy-set for meetings and companionship. Letter with description and/or photo will be answered. Write: **NUTHATCH**, or call (217) 442-4896.

INDIANA

(90) LEGENDARY DADS & SONS IN HISTORY: Tsar Nicholas and Tsarevich Alexei; William Tell and Walter; Tarzan and Boy; The Rifleman and Mark; Quentin Collins and Jamison; You and Me! Blond, husky, Midwest-handsome, playful, star-kissed 38-year-old lion cub awaits being claimed and tenderly tamed by his King of the Jungle. Ultimate patriarch is late 30s to mid-60s; a still-fit variation of the traditional male in tastes, appearance, and manner; sustainfully employed; and free of neuroses, STDs, identity/coming out/former relationship issues, debts, addictions. Must relish being a loving, indulgently affectionate, devotedly hands-on Lion King to a genuinely boyish, sensitive, adoring lion cub. Son/Lion Cub is most responsive to Dad/Lion King's innate ability for soul-mating, nurturant mentoring, gentle physical and mental bonding and intimacy. Mutual interests should include books (bio, NF, TC), music (vintage, retero pop, showtunes), theater, good eating, movies, good conversation, antiques and collecting, swimming, camping, dancing, homelife (!), some travel, pets. Replies demonstrating genuine detailed compatibility and interest with recent photos receive mine in return. Replies from Chicago/NW Indiana especially appreciated, but not mandatory. Write: **INDIANA MARK**

MASSACHUSETTS

(V2) BOSTON BILL, age 68, seeks friends or companions living in USA (preferably Northeastern USA). Prefer single, nonsmoker, younger (25-45), any race, slim or muscular. E-mail: bostbill@ix.netcom.com Fax: (617) 288-6331, P.O. Box 261, Boston, MA 02122.

MICHIGAN

(90) MICHIGAN - EUP or NLP: You're intelligent, fun-loving, politically progressive, healthy, sensually affectionate, leisurely sexual, home/outdoors-enjoying, nearby or commuter. I'm SGWM, 48, 5'-11", 184#, bearish, rather hairy, bald crown/thick surround, salt and pepper beard, nonsmoker/drinker/doper, interested in arts and ideas. Detailed self-intro and buff photo (s) get mine. Dan Doran, Rt. 2, Box 282, Sault, MI 49783.

MINNESOTA

(12/98) TWIN CITIES/NATIONWIDE: Lonely GWM, 71, 230#, 5'-10", blue/balding grey, model in CR 67, HIV negative, recovering from an auto accident. Interests: theater, movies, music, spectator sports, good food, travel, reading. Serious only with photo. **RIC**

MISSISSIPPI

(90) BAY ST. LOUIS: Take care of an older man. He is just fine except a little unsteady on his feet. I am 72, 5'-9", 160#, uncut. You are 50-65, over 160#, preferably uncut. Free living in a pleasant town. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

(92) MISSISSIPPI/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 73, 6'-2", 170#, retired professor seeks clergy, attorneys, doctors, professors and professional men for friendship and more. Photo and telephone number. Write: J.W., Ph.D., Box 4056, Biloxi, MS 39535.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

(89) NEW HAMPSHIRE: GWM, 66, 5'-10", 155#, bald with white fringe, living alone in log cabin by ski area and lake, seeks any age to develop friendships and join me in skiing, canoeing, hiking, and other pleasures. Replies promised to mail: **NEW HAMPSHIRE LEW**; or to e-mail: langd32@hotmail.com

NEW JERSEY

(94) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 69, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

NEW YORK

(89) LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 72, 6 ft., 235#, attractive, silver-haired and bearded, affectionate, hairy. Seeks man over 50 for long-term relationship and to share my interests in the performing/ creative arts, gardening, the beach, romance, and travel. Please send photo and phone # to **LIBEARART**

(89) BROOKLYN/NATIONWIDE: Couple, 57 & 54, 175 & 186, 5'-1" & 6'-2", balding/hairy & smooth/red hair, both cut. Seeking friends and couples in NYC and nationwide. We enjoy social nudity, small gatherings, theater, country music. On fixed income: can't travel much, so come and visit, play. Write: Ken & Bob, 235 Adams St. #4F, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

(V2) NEW YORK/LONG ISLAND: Seeks 60+, husky, well-endowed local area man. Me: 44, WGM, 197#, XGDLKG, 5'-11", GDSHPE, independent, masculine, fun, warm, loving. "It's nice to be important, but important to be nice." <greathead@hotmail.com>

(90) NYC/NATIONWIDE: Wanted: Leather master, any age/any race. I need training in B & D, S & :M, or sexual servitude. Teach me to be the leather submissive I yearn to be. I am 61, 6'-3", 245+ pounds, HIV negative. Hope you are too. Please respond to **B.B.**

(90) NATIONWIDE: Affectionate, playful, teasing, dominant, HIV negative, GWM Daddy, 57, 5'-10", 195#, straight-acting, clean-shaven, semi-retired businessman, seeks ticklish, submissive, HIV negative GWM son/younger brother, 25-55, for LTR. Hugs, kisses, cuddling, massage, tickling, teasing, safe sex. Strip for Daddy. Playful spanking and other safe, consensual kink available. Relocation possible. Tom J., P.O. Box 462, New York, NY 10156.

(90) NYC, BROOKLYN, L.I., N.J.: 48-year-old masculine Italian man, 280#, 5'-11", salt & pepper hair & goatee, HIV negative, seeks 60+ man for hot man-sex and possible relationship. Prefer 200# or less. Call Joe at (212) 809-7999 and leave message. All calls returned.

NORTH CAROLINA

(89) SALISBURY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 40, looking for a LTR and good friendship and fun. I'm 5'-11", 200#, blue/ blond, hairy, no drink/drugs, searching for any gent who is 40 to 70 years of age. Must be heavy-set or big build (200 to 300+ lbs). I'm a graphic artist who is home at all times. You can contact me: Sargebear M. Brooks, P.O. Box 433, Salisbury, NC 28145, telephone (704) 642-0493, e-mail: Sargebear1@aol.com (please put in subject line "CR Ad Response"). I can and will suit your needs, no matter what it might be. I like movies, music (all kinds), computers, and dogs. Feel free to call day or night, anytime.

(90) NORTH CAROLINA/EAST COAST: GWM, 52, 5'-7", HIV negative, would like to meet GWM, 50+, 5'-10", or less with little body hair and little to no drinking. Please send photo. Will do the same. Thank you. Bill Fuller, P.O. Box 12143, Raleigh, NC 27605

OHIO

(91) COLUMBUS: Professional GWM, average looks, 43, 5'-10", 285# (heavy-set), nonsmoker, seeks romantic and affectionate gentleman who is seeking an eventual long-term relationship. J.L., P.O. Box 20766, Columbus, OH 43220.

PENNSYLVANIA

(90) W. PENNA/NATIONWIDE: SGWM, 68, 5'-11", retired, clean-shaven, Br/Bl, 227#, hairy, seeks 30-65, preferably hairy, stocky, for friendship and more. Enjoy hiking, cooking, traveling, sex. Your photo (will return), telephone number gets prompt reply. Write: **PENNSYLVANIA TRAVELER**

SOUTH CAROLINA

(89) COLUMBIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 27, 6'-1", 195#, short light brown hair, hazel eyes, seeks 50-older for relationship. I enjoy cooking, traveling, reading, and unconditional love. I am very willing to relocate, so rescue me. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply. Write: M.F., P.O. Box 84491, Lexington, SC 29073.

TENNESSEE

(89) TENNESSEE COUNTRY BOY: Desirous of life companion. I'm 63, 6'-1", 216#, salt and pepper hair and mustache. Do not smoke, drink, visit bars. No drugs. HIV negative. Want compatible lifemate, self-sustaining, who is willing to share in normal household expenses. My likes: a home, nature, landscaping, photography, art and cooking. Also enjoy the pleasure of a normal male, sex, long kisses and hugs, and as much sex as you can endure. Only those willing to relocate, age range 30-55, who are willing to live on Center Hill Lake in the heart of Tennessee. Closest live-in neighbor is three miles away. Privacy and nudity is encouraged. Phone: (615) 597-2149

TEXAS

(89) DALLAS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, HIV negative, cute, 35, 6 ft., 179#, brown hair/eyes, hairy. Seeks partner who is HIV negative, masculine, stocky, preferably pierced, tattoos, cock rings, for a long-term relationship. Enjoys outdoors, movies, roller coasters, fairs, MCC, beaches. Am honest, caring, understanding, sincere. John Cross, 6565 McCullum #306, Dallas, TX 75252.

(89) DALLAS/SOUTHERN STATES: BM, 32, 5'-10", 185#, smooth, seeks 40-50, masculine and in-shape, for friendship, maybe more. Prefer hairy, stocky, discreet, tall brothers. I enjoy quiet times, movies, sports. Your photo will get a prompt reply. Pluses: bald, bearded, discreet, muscular. Write: **DDEON**

ARE YOU ELIGIBLE FOR A FEEE AD? SEE PAGE 47 IF YOU AREN'T SURE.

VIRGINIA

(94) VIRGINIA/NATIONWIDE: GHM, 25, 5'-8", 250#, seeks GWM, GHM Dad, 45 - ? for long term relationship. D.S., P.O. Box 1301, Chesterfield, VA 23832.

WASHINGTON

(V2) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: I seek friends to share adventures and one younger man to share life. I ski (Sun Valley, Idaho), sail (Puget Sound), and travel. I'm 6'-1", 215#, 62, hairy, bearded, affectionate, and aggressive. If you want to know a man who has a good heart, let me hear from you. Photo/phone appreciated: Sam, Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096.

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(90) ITALY: I'm 25, steady, quiet, likeable, sweet, polite. Looking for a serious Dad who is distinguished, tender, over 50, to be the King of my life. The Santa Clause of my dreams. " ...to be one of each other, just master, just pupil ..." A good letter will be appreciated. Write: **VENEZIA**

(89) LONDON/SCOTLAND: Cover model B.J., model/writer KOKOPELLI (CR #71, 75), planning to visit in '99. Wish contact with local folks for friendship, suggestions about things to see/do, possible future hospitality exchange. Write: Luis Torres, 3003 Whisper Lark, San Antonio, TX 78230, or e-mail: TXKokopell@aol.com

(89) ENGLAND: GWM, 50, cropped hair, heavy mustache, 5'-9", 160#, strong, fit, active, down-to-earth. Seeks 60 plus guy, stocky, straight acting, for friendship and hopefully more. Photo, please. Will return. Write: **FIREBLADE**

(90) ESPIRITO SANTO/BRAZIL: White, brown hair, 47 yo, 75W, 1,72M, looking for friends over 55, nonsmoker/social drinker, to be simple person, loyal and friend. Likes sports, tennis, swimming, hiking, biking, racing cars, writing, music, photography, health. Your photo (will return). Write: MBM, Caixa Postal 02-205, Vila Velha/Espirito Santo, BRAZIL CEP-29 100-970

(90) ONTARIO/CANADA/INTERNATIONAL: GWM; 70; 5'-11"; 170#; dark brown, greyish hair; masculine, pleasant, youthful appearance; sensitive and affectionate; social drinker, nonsmoker, nondrugs; HIV negative. Seeks 25-50, GM, with a nice slim build, one who appreciates a mature man. I enjoy quiet times at home, dining out, good movies, live theater, traveling, walking for exercise and looking for a long-term, monogamous relationship with the right guy. I value discretion, sincerity, honesty, and truthfulness. Hoping that your response will contain your photograph and phone number. Write: **GARVEY**

[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. If you have sent solicited photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and copy us. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for.]

CR FRIENDS NETWORK

The following men/couples have offered to take single men—regardless of age, size, looks, color—"under their wings" primarily on a social and spiritual basis. If you are lonely and in the advertiser's area, contact him and he will help you meet the right people.

ARIZONA - TUCSON - **BAREKAT**

ARKANSAS - RUSSELLVILLE - **SAM AARON**

CALIFORNIA - CHATSWORTH - **JAYCE**
FAIRFIELD AREA - **TOM**
GARDEN GROVE, CA - **TUFLUV DAD**
HOLLYWOOD - **HOLLYWOOD'S BUD**
PALM SPRINGS - **HAMHOCK & KIMBEAR**
PALM SPRINGS - **PAPITOMAS -** papitomas@aol.com
SACRAMENTO - **RICO**
SAN DIEGO -**BIG BILL**
SAN FRANCISCO - **ROGER II**
SANTA BARBARA - **ROSE**
VENICE - **MAMBO**

COLORADO - DENVER/NEIGHBORING STATES - **STILL PERFORMING**
ROCKIES -**DANO**

FLORIDA - CLEARWATER - **CHARLES**
FT. LAUDERDALE AREA - **FT. LAUDERDALE JON**
FT. MYERS AREA - **BLUE BIRD**
MIAMI BEACH - **DUKE**
NORTH PORT - **NORTH PORT JOE**
SARASOTA AREA - **PROFESSOR RICK**
WEST PALM BEACH AREA - **W.P.B. DAN**
WEST PALM BEACH AREA - **NARI**

GEORGIA - ATLANTA - **J.R.P.**
ROSWELL - **ROBI**

ILLINOIS - N.E. ILLINOS AREA - **N.E. I. ALAN**

KENTUCKY - LOUISVILLE AREA - **G.L. PATRICK**

MASSACHUSETTS - NEAR CAPE COD AREA - **AUGAR**

MINNESOTA- SOUTHERN AREA - **BIRDMAN**
MINNEAPOLIS **- WAG**

MISSISSIPPI - BILOXI - **J.W.**
BAY ST. LOUIS - **TOM HORNER**

NEW HAMPSHIRE - REMOTE - **N.H. LEW -** langd32@hotmail.com

NEW JERSEY - EAST WINDSOR - **WILD ONE**
MONTCLAIR AREA - **N.J. JUD**

NEW MEXICO - EAST WINDSOR - **WILD ONE**

NEW YORK - BRONX - **GRANDIN**
MANHATTAN - **ROMANCER**

PENNSYLVANIA - PHILADELPHIA SUBURBS - **PACKER**
PHILADELPHIA - **JOEINPHILA**

TENNESSEE - MADISON - **TENNEHOO**

TEXAS - SAN ANTONIO AREA- **RICHARD**

VIRGINIA/D.C. - NORTHERN VIRGINIA- **BERT**

WISCONSIN - FISH CREEK - **TRANQUILITY** -
butch729@juno.com
MILWAUKEE AREA - **MILWAUKEE JOE**
MILWAUKEE AREA **- MILWAUKEE BERNARD**

AUSTRALIA - CANBERRA - **WALKABOUT**
NEW SOUTH WALES - **NSW ALAN**

CANADA - EASTERN ONTARIO - **XNTRIC** -
ghamilton@sprint.ca

GERMANY - S.W. GERMANY - **HOMHL** -
HOML@t-online.de

JAPAN - HIROSHIMA - **SATO**

DON'T BE LONELY. REACH OUT!
BECOME A CR FRIEND!

ALL ABOUT PLACING ADS AND RESPONDING TO ADVERTISERS, MODELS, AND CR FRIENDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with BOLD code names at the end of the ad and no address:

>> Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. Your return address must be shown on your letter to be forwarded. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters (over and above the forwarding fee). Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

>> IN PENCIL ONLY, lightly write the code word in the center of the envelope.

>> **Figure your forwarding fee: $1 per every three letters to forward.**
For one (1) to three (3) letters, enclose $1
For four (4) to six (6) letters, enclose $2
For seven (7) to nine (9) letters, enclose $3, and so on.
CASH ONLY!

>> Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTE: CR VIPS GET FREE ADS!

IF YOU ARE A CR SUBSCRIBER AND YOUR MAILING LABEL HAS A CODE THAT INCLUDES A **V** OR HIGHER—OR, IF YOU HAVE SPENT OVER $200 FOR GATHERING REGISTRATIONS AND/OR OTHER MERCHANDISE OVER THE PAST FIVE YEARS—YOU ARE ENTITLED TO A FREE AD (TRY TO KEEP IT BELOW 50 WORDS) IN EACH ISSUE UNTIL YOU TELL US TO STOP.

For the Mature Male and his Admirers

THE NATIONAL ROSTER

Find and contact new friends the least costly and most efficient way.

Members are listed in and receive The Roster & bi-monthly updates, with 4-line description of all other members including:

- Location (City, state, or country)
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- Personal interests and tastes
- Sexual and social orientation & visibility
- HIV, relationship and/or marital status
- Type of contact sought (Me...You...)

After identifying those of most interest, they send for full page profiles filled out by each member giving more specific information, as well as means of contact.

Annual membership listing is $32, including bi-monthly updates of new members; *CR readers mentioning this ad can deduct $6.* Profiles are $1 for the first, and $.50 for each additional. Members with a positive HIV status pay whatever they can afford.

For membership forms and further information, send SASE to:

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POB 20975/PACC NEW YORK, NY 10129-0009

Note: We are very selective as to publications where we advertise; our strictly confidential member lists are never sold or distributed.

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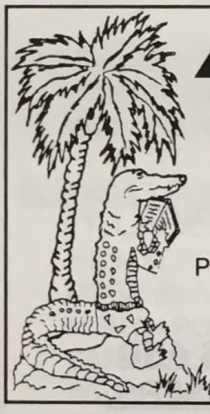

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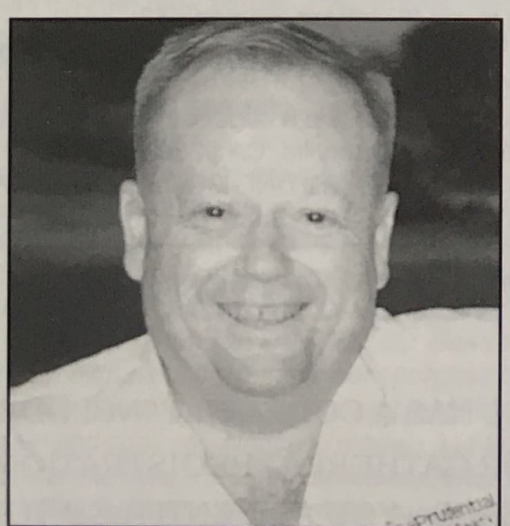
REALTOR



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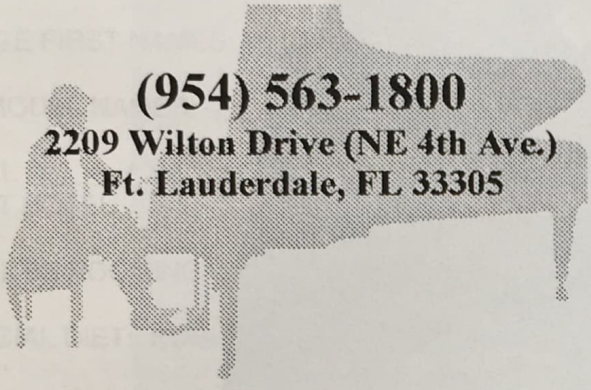

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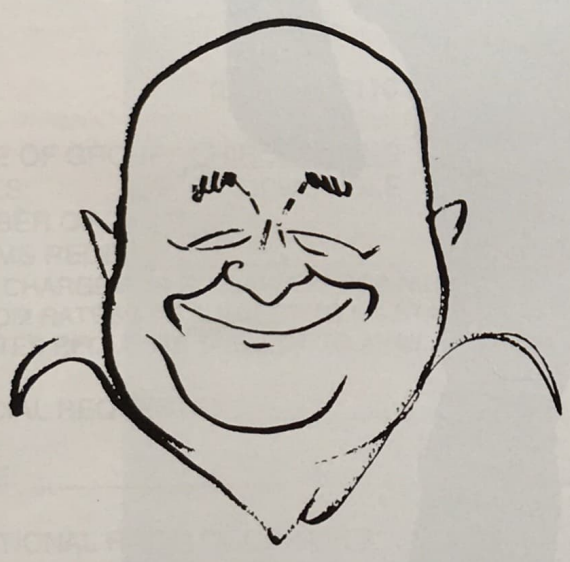

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BARRY

GATHERING 99
REGISTRATION FORM

(one form per household, please - please print legibly)

NAME: _____ ADDRESS: _____

NAME: _____ CITY/STATE/ZIP: _____

NAME: _____ COUNTRY: _____

BADGE FIRST NAMES:_____/_____/_____ PACKAGE SELECTED: A _____ B _____

CR MODEL NAMES: _____/_____/_____ AMOUNT ENCLOSED: _____

I WILL _____/ WILL NOT _____ BE STAYING AT THE HOST HOTEL.

I NEED A ROOMMATE: SMOKE ____/NONSMOKE ____
AND CAN BE REACHED AT:
TELEPHONE NUMBER: (_____) _____

I WILL BE ROOMING WITH: _____

WILL THIS BE YOUR FIRST GATHERING? _____

SPECIAL DIET: KOSHER _____ VEGETERIAN _____

I HEREBY AGREE TO ABIDE BY CRPI'S CODE OF DELEGATE BEHAVIOR AS PUBLISHED IN CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE. SIGNATURE: _____

[cut at line and send top portion to CR, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. Send bottom portion to hotel]

HOTEL RESERVATIONS FORM

Radisson Twin Towers Orlando
5780 Major Boulevard
Orlando, FL 32819
(800) 327-2110 (business hours only) (407) 351-1000 Fax: (407) 363-0106

NAME OF GROUP: CHIRON RISING DATE OF GROUP: MAY 27 THROUGH MAY 31, 1999

RATES:	$109/SINGLE	$109/DOUBLE	$119/TRIPLE	$129/QUAD
NUMBER OF ROOMS REQD.	_____	_____	_____	_____

* $10 CHARGE FOR ROLLAWAYS PER NIGHT.
* ROOM RATES ARE SUBJECT TO 6% STATE TAX AND 5% RESORT TAX
* SUITES REQUESTS SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY. PLEASE CALL RESERVATIONS FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION.

SPECIAL REQUESTS: _____

NAME: _____ TELEPHONE: ( ) _____

ADDITIONAL ROOM OCCUPANTS: _____ TOTAL IN PARTY _____

ADDRESS: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

ARRIVAL DATE: _____(CHECK IN TIME IS 3:00 PM) DEPARTURE DATE _____ (CHECK OUT TIME IS 12:00 NOON)
IN ORDER TO GUARANTEE YOUR RESERVATION, PLEASE CHECK ONE BELOW. DEPOSIT IS FULLY REFUNDABLE IF CANCELLATION RECEIVED 48 PRIOR TO ARRIVAL DATE.
CHECK ENCLOSED $ _____(FIRST NIGHT'S DEPOSIT INCL. TAX, PAYABLE TO RADISSON TWIN TOWERS ORLANDO)
CREDIT CARD ACCOUNT NO. _____ EXP. DATE: _____

SIGNATURE: _____
ROOM RESERVATIONS MUST BE RECEIVED BEFORE APRIL 26, 1999. RESERVATIONS AFTER THAT DATE WILL BE GRANTED ON A SPACE AVAILABLE BASIS WITH NO GUARANTEE OF SPECIAL ROOM RATES.

CR'S NINTH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING
RADISSON TWIN TOWERS HOTEL AND CONVENTION CENTER
ORLANDO, FLORIDA - MAY 27 THROUGH 31, 1999

THE HOST HOTEL AND RATES

The host hotel is the Radisson Twin Towers Orlando, 5780 Major Blvd., Orlando, FL 32819. Hotel reservations are the responsibility of delegates and may be made by calling (800) 327-2110 (Foreign: 407-351-1000), Monday through Friday during business hours, and identifying yourself as being with the Chiron Rising Gathering group. You may also make a reservation by completing the reservation form in this issue and sending it to the hotel. Reservations must be guaranteed. Rates are: Single/Double - $109; Triple - $119; Quad - $129. Rates are good for three days prior to and/or three days after convention dates. Rates are noncommissionable. NOTE: CALLS TO THE ABOVE 800 NUMBER AFTER BUSINESS HOURS WILL ROLL OVER TO RADISSON NATIONAL RESERVATIONS, WHO CANNOT TAKE RESERVATIONS FOR OUR CONVENTION.

THE CR EVENTS

Thursday, May 27: Badge pickup, will-call, and on-site sales; welcome reception; cabaret entertainment; and poolside socializing.

Friday, May 28: Badge pickup, will-call, and on-site sales; Expo opens; orientation for Gathering virgins and shy types; welcome reception; cabaret entertainment.

Saturday, May 29: Pool aerobics class, Expo, workshops, poolside entertainment, reception, D.J. dancing.

Sunday, May 30: Pool aerobics class, Expo, workshops, poolside entertainment, reception, awards banquet, balloon release memorial, D.J. dancing.

Monday, May 31: Farewell breakfast.

Note: All receptions will utilize cash bars provided by the hotel. CR will provide munchies.

EVENT FEES

"A" PACKAGE: Includes all events.
Through 5/15/99 - $179
At the door - $189 (subject to space availability)

"B" PACKAGE: Includes all events except awards banquet and breakfast.
Through 5/15/99 - $155
At the door - $165

WILL-CALL

"A" PACKAGE - Pay us $30 any time prior to 4/30/99, and we will have a package made up for you. Pay $159 at the door to claim the package.

"B" PACKAGE - Pay us $30 any time prior to 4/30/99, and we will have a package made up for you. Pay $135 at the door to claim the package.

CANCELLATION REFUNDS

The above fees are non-refundable except in cases of doctor-confirmed ill health or the death of a family member or mate, in which case they are fully refundable. Provided cancellation is made no later than May 24, 1999, CR will credit delegate's account for the full amount remitted. **If you are unsure of your ability to attend, have no use for a $100+ CR credit, but are willing to risk $30, we highly recommend that you use our will-call option.**

DELEGATE AGREEMENT

Delegates are no longer required to sign a delegate agreement prior to registering. Signature upon badge pickup will acknowledge that each delegate accepts the following code of behavior:

1. Delegate is responsible for any damage he causes to be done to the host hotel in excess of normal wear during the dates of the convention or for the duration of his stay.
2. Delegate agrees to indemnify and hold harmless the hotel and CRPI against all claims, damages, losses and expenses, including but not limited to attorney's fees, arising out of or resulting from errors, omissions, or negligent or intentional acts committed by delegate.
3. Delegate agrees to refrain from wearing in public costumes, cross-dressing apparel, clothing with sexually explicit or offensive inscriptions thereon, or "thong" bathing suits. Ethnic or religious apparel is exempt.
4. Delegate agrees to wear the CR-provided badge at all times during functions and understands that he will not be granted entrance to such functions without one. Delegate understands that there will be a charge of $30 to replace a lost badge.
5. Delegate understands that video cameras are banned from any CR venue, including poolside. Videography may be taken during workshops with permission of the host only.
6. Delegate agrees not to indulge in a) sexually suggestive behavior, such as passionate kissing, fondling oneself or another, or exhibiting obscene gestures outside the private rooms; b) offensive behavior, including the verbal or physical abuse of another; c) disruptive or potentially damaging behavior caused by intoxication; or d) any criminal behavior, including but not limited to genital exposure, sexual acts, or any other act deemed obscene or criminal by local laws.
7. Delegate agrees not to host, videotape, or be a party to any unauthorized gathering organized by clandestine invitation or word-of-mouth for the purpose of group sex or any other activity which could damage CRPI's reputation or relationship with the hotel.
8. Delegate understands that the breach of this agreement could result in his expulsion from the convention without refund. Delegate further understands that the breach of this agreement as regards item 6d could result in his arrest and prosecution.

CR PRICE LIST AND ORDER FORM

MAGAZINES

	U.S. FIRST CLASS AIRMAIL- CANADA/MEXICO CENTRAL/SO AMERICA	AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE
SUBSCRIPTIONS 6 bimonthly issues.	48.00	60.00
	(circle which applies)	
CR BACK ISSUES: 70 thru 76, 78, 79, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88	8.00 EA	10.00 EA

Note: Postage and handling charges are included in the above pricing. Not subject to sales tax.

List back issues ordered: _____ @ _____ $ _____

PERSONAL AD

BASIC AD: _____ Words @ 30 cents per word X _____ Issues = $ _____

CODE WORD: @ 5.00 X _____Issues= _____

TELEPHONE VERIFICATION @5.00 (one time charge per ad) _____

CONVENTION

ORLANDO 99 - "A" ( ) Persons @ 179.00 ea $ _____

"B" ( ) Persons @ 155.00 ea $ _____

APPAREL

White or black adjustable cap - 14.95 EA

Black/suede bill adjustable cap - 19.95 EA

Forest green polo - L, XL (circle size) - 36.95 EA

Forest green polo - 2X, 3 X (circle size) - 38.95 EA

Tan polo - L, XL (circle size) - 36.95 EA

Tan polo - 2X, 3X (circle item) - 38.95 EA

Sweat shirt with 3-D logo -L, XL - 25.00 EA

Sweat shirt with 3-D logo -2X, 3X, 4X - 27.00 EA

(specify black, green, or maroon logo on above sweats)

Grey cap with green logo - 16.95 EA

Charcoal cap with maroon logo - 16.95 EA

Tan mesh cap with red logo - 8.95 EA

Add Shipping and Handling

U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, Central America, South America	5.00 per order
Europe	7.00 per order
Africa, Middle East, Pacific Rim	8.00 per order

(California Sales Tax paid by CRPI)

TOTAL ENCLOSED U.S. $ _____

NOTE: DO NOT SEND CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS FOR LESS THAN $10.00

METHOD OF PAYMENT: Check ____ Money Order ____ VISA ____ MASTER CARD ____ AMERICAN EXPRESS ____

Credit Card # _____ Expiration _____

Signature (the signing of this form authorizes the above charges): _____

Your credit card billing address for verification only: _____

ALLOW 6 TO 8 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas-no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. SEND CASH AT YOUR OWN RISK. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____

COUNTRY (If other than U.S.A.): _____

I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on Day ____/ Month ____/ Year ____.

Signature: _____

ALL OUR PRODUCTS ARE MAILED DISCREETLY

HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD NO LATER THAN: 2/ 28/99 FOR CR90; 4/30/99 FOR CR91; 6/30/99 FOR CR92

1. On a sheet of paper,TYPE OR LEGIBLY PRINT your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost by filling out the previous form.

2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.

3. If you are using a codeword (An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you), you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.

4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $10 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:
(NOTE: THE WORD COUNT IS INTENDED FOR A GUIDE FOR CUSTOMER. NOT REQUIRED FOR AD.)

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65,
(word count) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking,
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply.
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45
Write: J.D., 17 Moonfinch Road, Black Rock, UT 84199
46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54

My name and address: Col. Jack Deegan
17 Moonfinch Road
Black Rock, UT 84199

The pricing calculation for my ad is enclosed (from page 55).

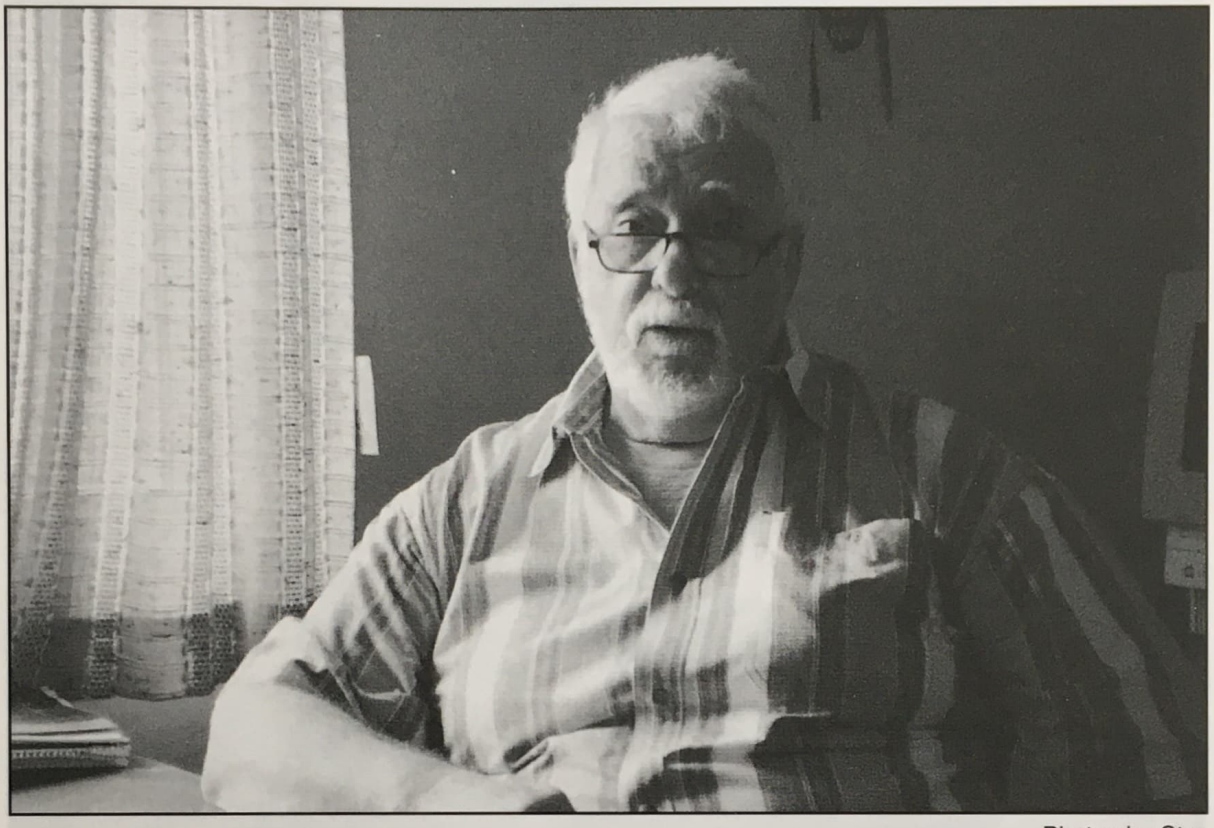
I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

HEY, DOES YOUR MAILING LABEL INDICATE THAT YOU ARE A "V" OR ABOVE? THEN YOUR ADS ARE **FREE!**

GIRAFFE



Photos by Stan

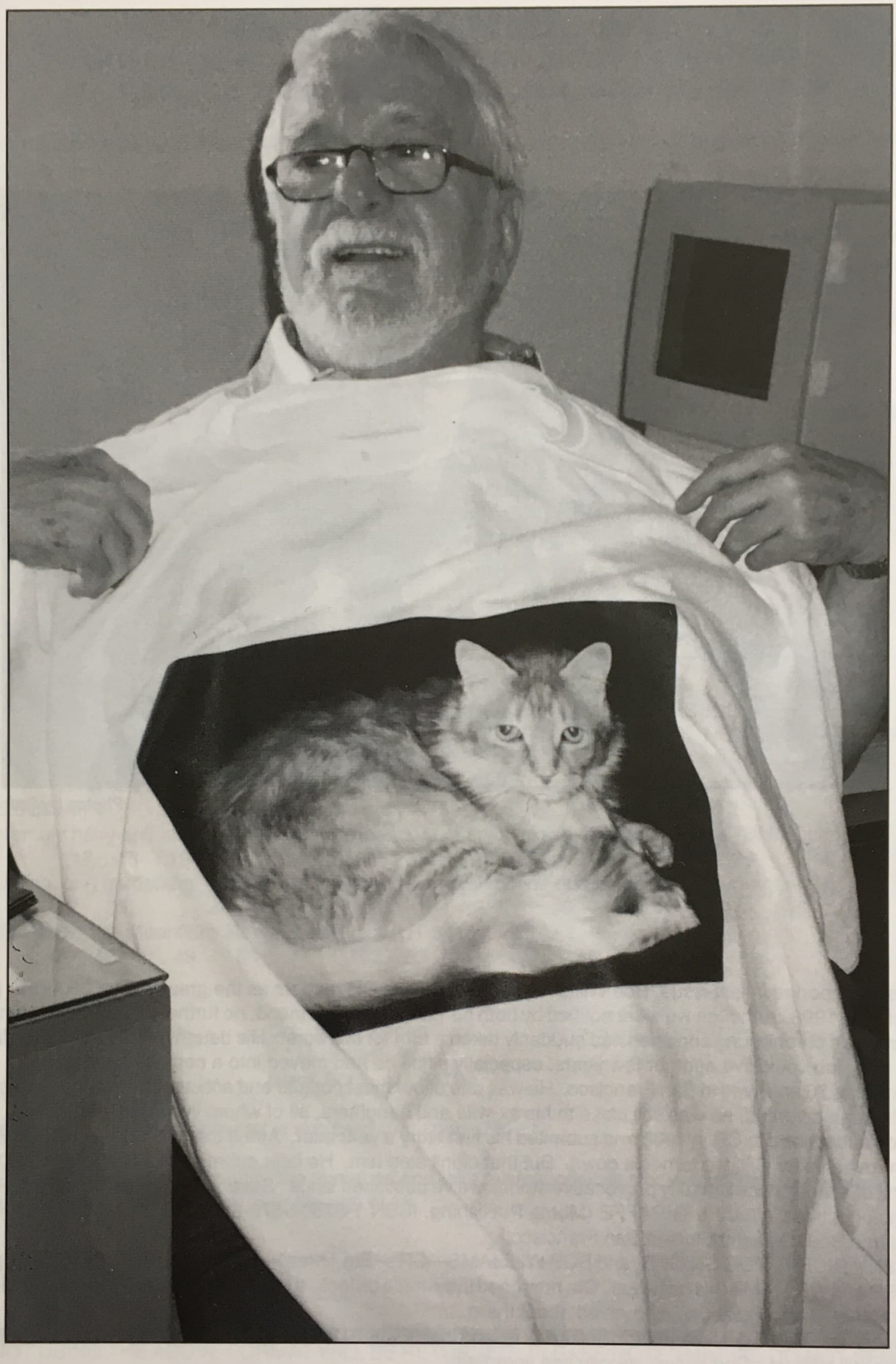
As we reported in last issue, Bob Williams, better known to CR readers as the great writer GIRAFFE, passed away on November 9, 1998. Although we were notified by both his daughter and a friend, no further details have been forthcoming, except that Bob's chronic lung condition had suddenly taken a turn for the worst. His daughter related that the family was led to believe that Bob could live another few years, especially since he had moved into a convalescent home.

Bob was 76 and lived in San Francisco. He was one of our most popular and accomplished contributors of fiction and poetry. Although divorced, he was still close to his ex-wife and daughters, all of whom live in San Francisco.

Bob subscribed to CR in 1988 and submited his first story a year later. Afraid that the story, WOMAN BLUES, would be too controversial for CR, we turned it down. But that didn't stop him. He later submitted COUNTING CHICKENS, which was the first of a string of delightfully provocative stories we've published since. Seven of those published in CR are included in his anthology, titled WILLY & GIRAFFE (Morris Publishing, ISBN 1-57502-376-8), which is still available in book stores through Alamo Square Distributors in San Francisco.

KENN RICHIE, PUG SNIDER, and BOB WILLIAMS—CR's "Big Three"—are now gone, RICHIE having died in 1993 and SNIDER and WILLIAMS this past year. Oh, how good they made us look. If I had a dime for every teacher, editor, publisher, published author, and regular Joe who raved about them ….

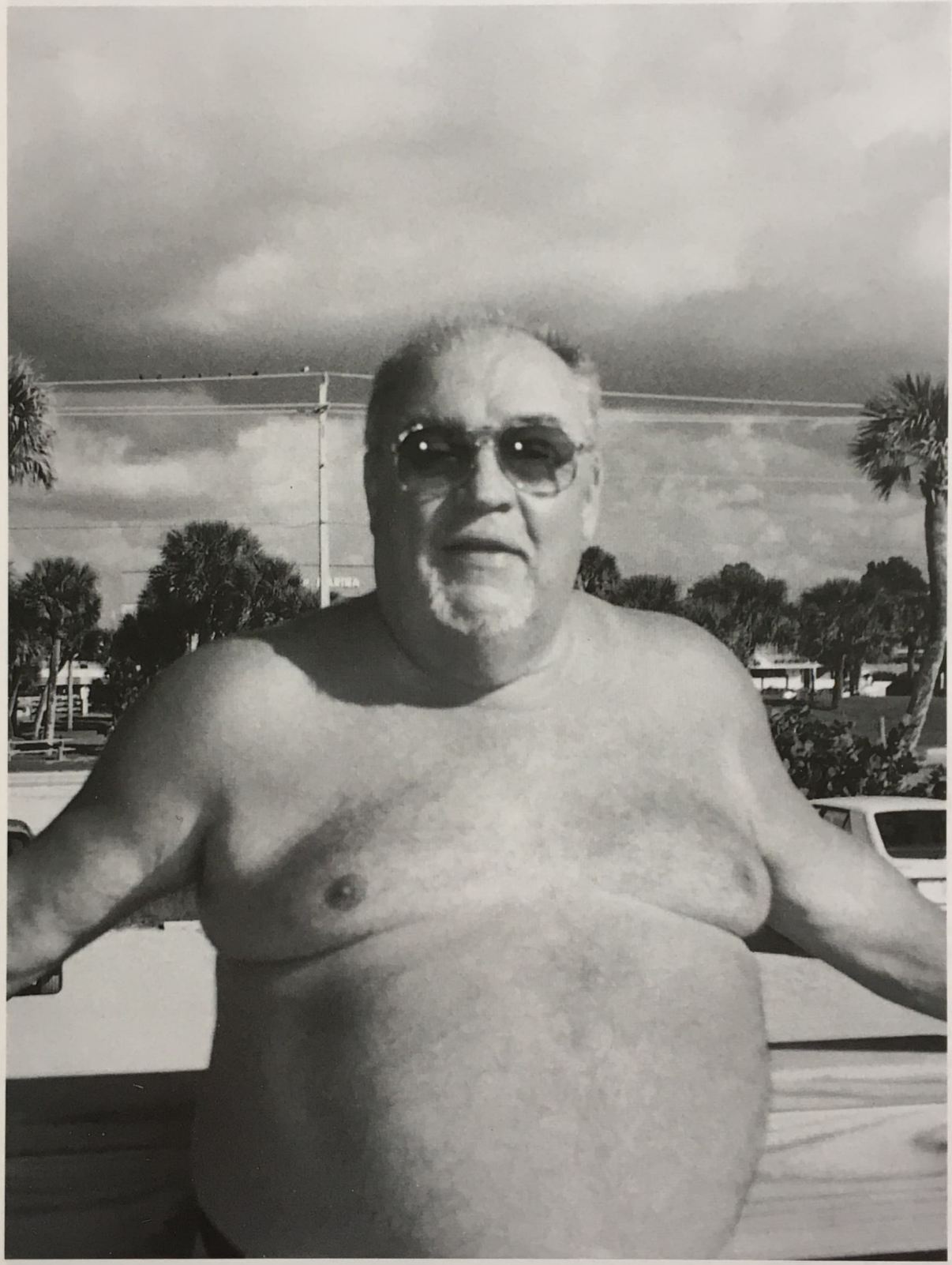
Good-bye, Bob. I get a very warm and fuzzy feeling inside when I think of you, so I'm going to believe—really believe—that you are still with us. God knows we can use your help.



BOB WILLIAMS, holding T-shirt with his beloved GATO's image imprinted on it.

TROPHY

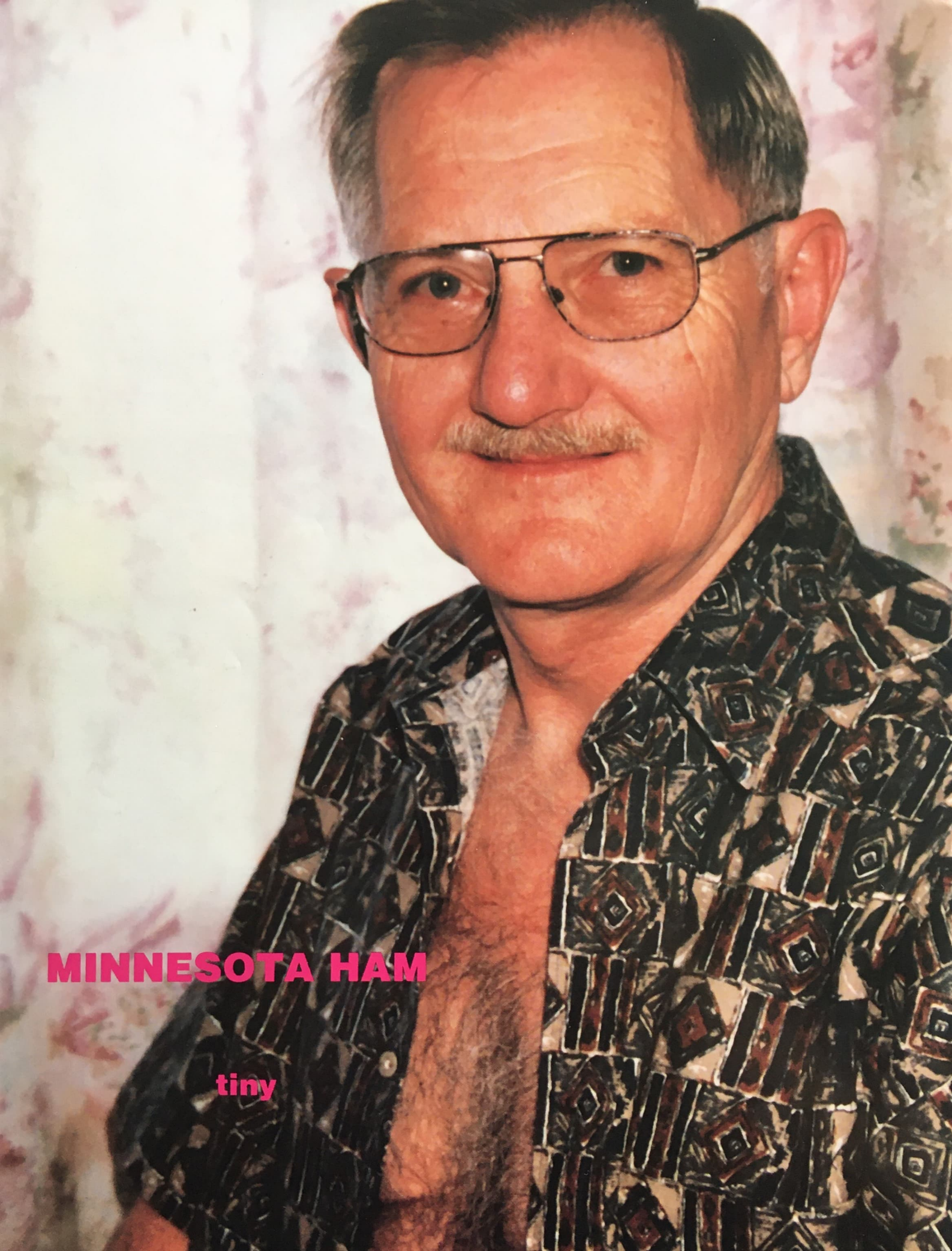
LINCMAN



jm

HERMAN THE GERMAN TWO

kimbear


MINNESOTA HAM
tiny